

THE *Canadian* FORUM

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Commons Comment

D. M. FISHER

• ONE DAY IN LATE January, two ministers of the Crown appeared in the Commons after a joint visit to Washington. Midway in the question period a brisk Conservative backbencher rose and asked for a report on the visit from the Minister of Trade and Commerce, George Hees. Immediately the gravity of the Hon. Paul Martin deepened and from across the aisle he commiserated in dumb show with the other traveller, the Hon. Donald Fleming, Minister of Finance. A new pecking order was settling over the treasury benches; the unofficial post of crown prince had shifted from Fleming to Hees.

Such party shifts of power are commonplace but either more subtly revealed or made overt by the expressed or pointed favor of the Prime Minister. Mr. Diefenbaker is not one to highlight possible successors or even to indicate that any one or any cluster of ministers is in favor. If one figure seems closest to him, it would be Senator Brunt. An Ontario appointee, Senator Brunt is variously classified by some as a mere Tory ward-heeler, by others as a high-minded corporation lawyer. But neither Brunt nor the ubiquitous Diefenbaker organizer, Mr. Grosart, are possible candidates for the succession. Indeed, they are hardly reckoned as kingmakers. The future leadership appears to lie in the order of Hees, Fulton, Fleming, Duff Roblin, or Alvin Hamilton, with the first trio well ahead of the Manitoba premier and the minister of Agriculture. Shifts for advantage and position within the Canadian parties are continuous and interminable. The surprise of it in the governing party is the grip that the PM retains on the caucus despite mutterings, rumbles, and ministerial rivalry. One reluctant admirer has said: "Each Wednesday he filibusters over the problems and we applaud him out of the room at the end in a vague dismay and I think to myself that he doesn't really care that I won't survive the next election unless . . ."

Perhaps he does not and cannot care about specific M.P.'s in unnatural Conservative seats but the next election is to the forefront of his manoeuvres, as it is with almost everyone in the House. The PM is still on the fringes of old age, his health sound and his ego strong; hero or bum, he will dominate the next election campaign. Yet a heart attack or an accident or an electoral upset? Who's next? The odds now would be with Mr. Hees. He is well in front in the requests from constituencies for speakers. Suntanned, colloquial in word and manner, permanently set in the mannerisms of an enthused undergraduate, Mr. Hees has too much flair and charm for the dour and stuffy competence of Mr. Flem-

ing. For all his labor and all his belligerence in the House, the Minister of Finance has been unable to magnetize followers. The ill-luck of the recession has ripped away the popularity of cabinet strong-man he held in late '59 and early '60.

Many of the younger, abler M.P.'s admire Davie Fulton but he seems almost deliberate in biding his time. His supporters explain this cautious cloistering of his talent as a wise recognition that youth is with him in the long-run and the reciprocal distaste between him and the PM blocks him in the short-run. Fulton's marking time seems to date from the cabinet bruba over the use of the RCMP in the Newfoundland loggers' strike. The PM over-rode his views and killed the despatch of reinforcements. The danger of Mr. Fulton's seemingly deliberate de-emphasis is apparent in the thrust of almost-as-youthful Hees to the fore. Repeatedly Mr. Hees captures the best press notice; it's "George, good old George" to whom so many constituency stalwarts turn. Despite his blatant, caricatured use of the toothy smile and rugged grip, Mr. Hees keeps up with topics and trends. He is very apt at taking advice and absorbing quick briefings. His office crackles with crisp service to inquirers and there is none of the usual gravity of civil service posturing over complexity or red-tape protocol. Given an economic up-turn soon and a quickening of trade, George Hees could become a cinch for the Conservative leadership.

The nicest irony in all this for anyone not a Liberal is that Hees shared with Diefenbaker the Liberal cast-

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ing as clownish frauds during the last years of Liberal power. This attitude lingers in the open contempt such opposition members as Pickersgill and McIlraith still express for the two and even more in the tacit assumption of so many Liberals now that the country is choked to the craw with Diefenbaker and his inept crew. At the first chance, they feel the people will boot him out for a sound, sane, Liberal administration.

Even political scientists seem to feel that the members of parliament find their main interest in the business passing before the House. In fact, this is a relative side-issue after mid-parliament and the two high points of regard are the extremities, i.e., the party leadership and the constituencies. These are linked with the next election in multifarious combinations and nuances. Below the public notice, an all-party candor exists in a maze of conjecture, talk, and gossip.

If I could summarize a consensus of candor at mid-session in 1961 it would go like this. The candid Conservative would say: "We know an election is unlikely until June, '62 or September, '62. Right now we'd lose too many in Quebec, perhaps fifty members. Social Credit will wallop back with ten or fifteen seats in Alberta and we have a dozen shaky ones in Saskatchewan and B.C. There's too big a chance for a minority government situation. We hope the bloom will fade from the Lesage rose. The New Party consolidation will hurt the Liberals in urban Ontario and give us a fighting split in B.C. and the Winnipeg area. The PM can overpower Pearson on the hustings and if Douglas joins the battle, he and the Dief will captivate the West and freeze out the Liberals. Our economists are predicting a late year upswing and a fine '62. Next year is our year."

The candid Liberal would say: "Everything depends on how fed up Canadians are with Diefenbaker in person and how good we are in associating some brilliant outsiders like Walter Gordon or Mitchell Sharp with our leadership. Our organization is better; money is coming in; good people are ready for candidacies in Ontario and Quebec and we have hopes for getting back old-young veterans like Jimmy Sinclair, Bob Winters, and Walter Harris. We could win too many seats in Quebec. Pearson will make a marvellous PM. If only he were better on TV or could lower that thin creak of a voice and seem more the archetypal Canadian. The new Party is an indeterminate nuisance that may get us a better image with the business people of the nation. Right now we can see 100 to 120 seats. If we could bust open Western Ontario, we'd be in. If not, the West tells the tale and we are unhealthy there. There is still too much Tory-inspired talk of us choosing the wrong leader. Our rally confirmed Pearson with the party faithful and in time his real worth will reach the uncommitted voter. We'd like a June election this year but that is unlikely with all those Duplessist M.P.'s crying delay to Dief. Anyway, time and their ineptness are on our side."

Of course, it is almost impossible for a CCF-New Party person to be candid. The leadership struggle is confused, the extent of labor financial support is unknown, the enthusiasm of New Party clubs is so varied. If there is no election in '61 and we have a wide-open, pell-mell, rift-healing founding convention, get Douglas as leader, and have ten months or more for build-up, we could grab from 20 to 25 per cent of the vote, maybe 40 to 50 seats. Be the balance of power!

So much for musings and conjecture; scaling up and

scaling down; more and more cabinet ministers on the stump; Mr. Pearson and Mr. Argue less and less in the House. The tempo of use of the frank is increasing; news-letters and purchased Hansard copies are winging out from the M.P.'s. "At least the ridings will know they've had an active man down here. Do you think unemployment is really the issue? After all, there's a lot of well-off people in the country."

CURRENT COMMENT

Kennedy's First Weeks

► AT THE TIME of writing the new Administration in Washington has been in office for little more than three weeks, and it is obviously much too early to start pontificating about its effectiveness. There is still more than a touch of honeymoon atmosphere in the air. The new men are still testing their chairs, and still busily compiling a multitude of fact-finding reports. To use his favorite word, the new president is still seeking to reach a "judgment" on the host of problems that he found piled upon his desk.

Nevertheless, the popular indoor game of rating a president begins even before his inauguration; by now, the preliminary heats are well under way.

Kennedy himself sought to define the rules of the game several months before he was nominated and elected. In January, 1960, he delivered a speech before the National Press Club which was filled with open or implied criticism of Eisenhower's concept of the presidency. The next president, said Kennedy, must "be the Chief Executive in every sense of the word." "He must be prepared to exercise the fullest powers of his office—all that are specified and some that are not. He must master complex problems as well as receive one-page memoranda. He must originate action as well as study groups. He must reopen the channels of communication between the world of thought and the seat of power." Kennedy went on to say that the president must be prepared to battle with Congress for his legislative program, he must be a vigorous party leader, and he must make the White House "the center of moral leadership." The president must be willing "to alert the people to our dangers and our opportunities, to demand of them the sacrifices that will be necessary." In other words, Kennedy thinks that the president should be judged by the standards set by Franklin Roosevelt, and by Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt.

By these standards he has made a good beginning. If the goal can be accomplished by appointments he has been especially successful in reopening "the channels of communication between the world of thought and the seat of power." Although some of his choices have been determined on the basis of political expediency or personal friendship, the general level is substantially higher than in the early days of the New Deal in 1933. In the contest over enlarging the House Rules Committee in early February, he showed that he would take anything but a passive attitude toward Congressional affairs. By intervening in the bitter warfare between New York State Democrats, he has sought to exert party leadership. And in his messages to Congress and in his press conferences he has tried to "alert the people" and to

WHY I DON'T MAKE LOVE TO THE FIRST LADY

Of course I could have her!

In a flash, with a snap of my fingers.

I'm a magician.
I'd put words under her perfect feet
and make her fly to me.
She'd land in my arms.
reciting one of my poems.
She'd remember nothing of the White House
except what I told her.
To draw from her one of her exquisite smiles
I'd persuade her my lips
were official Washington.

Alas, I'm a degenerate poet
with a sense of honour!

I shall not take her.
Not while skinny Caribs,
their beards sprouting from machine-guns,
clamour
for blood, education and cheaper roulette;
or the Chinese have a leader
who writes flawless verse.

President Kennedy does not write verse.

Not while Africa
explodes in the corridors of the UN
Lumumba, Kasavubu: a
D'Oyley Carte of exotic names;
but the drums
that sound East and West
beat out strange rhythms
and the opera-loving Congolese
lie much too still
on their dead faces.

A President
must stay up night after night
deliberating such matters:

My lovely, unlucky Jacqueline!

Still, when a husband
is so harassed,
shall I add to his burdens
by running off with his attractive wife?

Not I, not Irving Layton.

I'll wait until
the international situation has cleared.
After that it's every poet for himself!

Irving Layton



focus attention on the White House as the source and centre of action.

So far so good. But the new departures are as yet hardly very drastic, and it remains an open question whether presidential leadership of the Rooseveltian kind can be revived in the America of the 1960's.

In domestic affairs Kennedy has painted a very black picture of the state of the economy as a means of "alerting the people," but so far his proposed remedies consist of bits and pieces, rather than a full-fledged counter-cyclical program. He will look at the economy again in a few months; meanwhile, he will wait and see, an approach that doesn't differ greatly from that of Messrs. Eisenhower and Anderson, and one that causes some to doubt whether the crisis is really as dark as it has been painted. Kennedy has often stated that a president has his best chance to accomplish a new program during the first weeks and months of his administration. Each passing week may make it harder to mount an effective assault on economic problems.

In good New Deal-Fair Deal fashion Kennedy places much emphasis on social welfare measures, and is preparing to fight hard for old age medical insurance, federal aid to education, a higher minimum wage, and so on. In human terms a good case can be made for all these measures; indeed, it can be argued that they are barely adequate to meet existing need. But emphasis on these matters at the beginning of his administration however legitimate it may be, does do something to blur the lean, sacrificial image that has been projected. Talk of sacrifices remains rather vague, and may be taken less seriously as time goes on.

Kennedy is known to have strong feelings on the civil rights issue and to believe that this is an area where positive and forceful presidential leadership is needed. But when a newsman pressed him for a specific statement on the New Orleans situation he responded with an assortment of generalizations that might easily have come from his predecessor. As yet, he is studying the problem and has not reached a "judgment" on it. It is fair to assume that more vigorous statements and actions will follow; it is also fair to infer that this question, like others, bears a somewhat different aspect when your feet are under the White House desk—and when you have to decide how far to antagonize a large bloc of Southern Congressmen of your own party.

These first weeks have done little to disclose whether the president intends to initiate basic departures in foreign affairs. He confessed, after ten days in office, that he was "staggered upon learning . . . the harsh enormities of the trials through which we must pass in the next four years," and informed the Congress that "the tide of events has been running out and time has not been our friend." Therefore, he will presumably try to rouse the country to greater effort, directed especially at the strengthening of defences. On the other hand, he has sought to lessen Soviet-American tensions, and has taken steps to "expand our disarmament effort." Whether the country can be roused to greater effort at the same time that a new note of "civility" is being introduced into Soviet-American relations will provide a major test of presidential leadership. At the moment Kennedy has still to convince most Americans that the international outlook is as dark as he makes it out to be.

Many observers have anticipated that the new administration would bring about major changes of em-

phasis in the policies of the last dozen or so years—a closer working relationship with western Europe, less stress on military alliances in other parts of the world, more concern to strengthen the economic and social structures of communities in the underdeveloped and uncommitted regions. The appointment of such men as Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles and Mennen Williams might seem to point in this direction. On the other hand men who are closely associated with established policies, such as Averell Harriman, John J. McCloy, and Dean Acheson, are going to have powerful voices in the administration. Like any new government leader, Kennedy is probably finding that he has rather less room for manoeuvre than he had expected to have. Of course, in the last analysis American policy will to a large extent be determined by the outcome of the ideological struggle going on between Moscow and Peking. At this stage it would appear that his foreign policy team is diverse enough to be able to respond either to cold or to warm winds from the East.

Again, so far so good. But his well wishers will feel that it is still too early to assess Kennedy by his own standards. We know that he understands the central place of the presidency on the national and international scene. We know that his intentions are of the best, and that he has surrounded himself with a capable and flexible group of advisers. Yet we also know that almost as much could have been said of that devoted follower of Andrew Jackson, "The Young Hickory of the Granite Hills," Franklin Pierce. We have no reason to think that these two New Englanders will be bracketed in history, if the history of these times is ever written. What we do know is that the testing time is still to come—the lonely time when the hard decisions have to be made.

G. M. CRAIG

The Wooden Sword

► LAST MONTH gratified fathers experienced the same benign pleasure that surely warmed the heart of the editor who assured Virginia there really was a Santa Claus. Boys' eyes kindled as the word got around; attic trunks were searched for costumes; and wooden swords came briefly back in style. So did eye-patches, knives between the teeth, the skull and cross-bones, and the Spanish Main.

This was exactly as it should have been. The good ship *Santa Maria*, some days out of Lisbon, carrying 620 passengers and perhaps (for such things are, after all, possible) treasure chests of gold and gems, had been seized on the high seas by pirates. The capture occurred a little after midnight on Sunday, January 22, 1961, and the pirates sailed their prize on blue and sparkling waters for twelve whole days before the lovely game was called off.

There was, sadly enough, an anti-climax. Captain Hook turned out to be a certain Henrique Malta Galvao, in the service of General Humberto Delgado, who feels that he, rather than Premier Antonio Salazar, should be the ruler of Portugal. What seemed, for a few delightful days, to be an act of pure piracy, turned out to be nothing more than another attempt to overthrow a government.

Wise fathers, of course, did not tell this to their sons. Let them keep their innocence and their laughter while they can. Time enough for them to learn of politics when they have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge

of good and evil, when they have felt the pangs of grief, have lost their love, been touched by the wicked hand of the world, and known the chilling certainty of mortality.

This too was right, for the episode of the *Santa Maria* was of the true stuff of boyhood, made for boys by boys.

Tactically the thing was well done. The members of the Portuguese "National Independence Movement" came aboard at La Guaira and Curaçao as third class passengers, concealing their pistols and sub-machine guns conventionally in a coffin. Their plan was clever and imaginative. (Let no one quibble that it was not original, that it had been blue-printed long ago in the now yellowing pages of *Chums* and the *Boy's Own Paper*. There is better generalship to be found in those pages than in many an operation order.) They took the bridge, the wheelhouse, the wireless and the engine-rooms. They had heard Stevenson's *cri de coeur*: "Shall we never shed blood?", so they killed the Third Officer and wounded two other members of the crew. The ship was theirs.

Their destination, they told the troubled passengers, was secret. And so it was. Not only from the passengers, but from the rebels themselves and from their leader, Galvao. The beautiful deed had been done, but what to do next? Portugal was afar, and dictatorships must be stalked in the asphalt jungle, not on the high seas. In the end, of course, the *Santa Maria* tamely anchored off Recife, Brazil, on February 1; the passengers and crew disembarked; the pirates sought political asylum; and the Brazilian Government turned the ship back to Portugal.

Why, then, was it done at all? Your son can tell you. He is the one to ask.

The world was growing grey and old—

Break out the sails again.

We're out to seek a realm of gold

Beyond the Spanish Main.

Galvao and Delgado did not plan the seizure of the *Santa Maria* in the hope that this would spark a revolution. They did not do it primarily to draw the world's attention to their cause. They did it for its own sake, because they were romanticists and revolutionaries (synonymous terms), because it was a means of self-expression, and because they represent the eternal boy.

This is not to dismiss their act lightly. It may yet have repercussions. Why should it not—except in logic? Although piracy is perhaps not the best apprenticeship for the statesman, (or is it?) one should remember those who claimed that the suffragettes did not demonstrate beyond cavil their fitness for the franchise by pouring sulphuric acid into mail-boxes and chaining themselves to railings in Hyde Park. It only showed how little the critics knew. The suffragettes did get the vote, which was surely all that mattered.

Do not underestimate the wooden sword. When all is said and done, it can sometimes have a fine cutting edge. And it has conquered more bastions than its prototype ever did.

D. J. GOODSPEED

The African States, the U.N. and the Congo

► THE MURDER OF Patrice Lumumba and his associates was a low and beastly affair. Unfortunately our attention has since been partly diverted from the murder itself and its consequences in the Congo by the bitter and extreme attacks which the Soviet Union has launched on the whole United Nations operation in the Congo and on Mr. Hammerskjold as, no less, "the accomplice and organizer of the murder." Moreover, the Soviet Union has recognized the government of Mr. Gizenga in Stanleyville as the legitimate Government of the Congo and has invited African states to join the Soviet Union in supporting its efforts to consolidate its control throughout the whole of the Congo.

There could hardly be a more destructive contribution to the present crisis than this. If successful it will involve more than the full introduction of the cold war into the Congo. It will mean a lasting civil war in which the Soviet Union arms and supports one faction and the United States the other. Already African reactions to the Soviet proposals have been widely various. In detail these reactions cannot be predicted but there are three factors which will largely shape the policies which the African states will now take towards the United Nations in the Congo.

The first is a basic division which exists between Ghana, Guinea, Morocco, the United Arab Republic and Mali on one hand and the remaining ex-French colonies on the other. The first, the Casablanca group, are positive neutralists, anxious to establish progressive African states throughout Africa which will be neutral in international politics but will no doubt look to the present group for leadership and inspiration. These states are particularly scornful of what Sekou Touré has called supervised independence, the independence in their view which the second group in Brazzaville, enjoys. These states, in contrast to Ghana and Guinea, are led by moderates who are willing to rely extensively on France for help and guidance and who have been much more willing in their internal politics to accommodate tribal and regional loyalties. In Congolese politics the Brazzaville group have supported President Kasavubu

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while the Casablanca group had accepted Mr. Lumumba as the spokesman in the Congo for their style of African nationalism. This alignment will almost certainly continue to be reflected in the attitudes taken in the present crisis, though the murder of Lumumba will give a sharp and aggressive edge to the policies of the Casablanca group and will make the Brazzaville group more circumspect in its support for Kasavubu. Between these two aggregations of African states are several important states, notably Nigeria, Tunisia, and the Sudan, which are uncommitted to either. These states out of genuine anger over the murder and to prove that they are "truly" African will likely in this crisis come out strongly against the Kasavubu-Mobutu regime.

Two crucial developments in recent months have greatly complicated African reactions to the role of the United Nations in the Congo. First there has been the continued intervention of Belgians. Katanga is now virtually a Belgian Protectorate. When Katanga first split away in July the assistant *chef de cabinet* of the Belgian Prime Minister flew out immediately as a "technical adviser." Belgian civil servants in the Katanga were told that if they left their posts they would not be re-employed at home. A Katanga foreign legion of several hundred has been recruited in Brussels, Paris, Kenya and The Federation of the Rhodesias. Jet pilots have been sought in the Union of South Africa. Belgian officers now command the main Congolese army and the forces of the separatist movement in Kasai. All of this in defiance of the United Nations resolution that all member nations refrain from interfering in the affairs of the Congo.

The second development concerns American policy. Last September on a resolution proposed by the Ghana representative, the UN refused to choose between the delegation sent by Kasavubu and the Lumumba delegation until after the Conciliation Commission had been to the Congo. Then almost immediately, on the initiative of the United States, first the Credentials Committee and then the Assembly itself agreed to recognize the Kasavubu delegation. This represented a deliberate decision to back Kasavubu against Lumumba. It was repeated in December when the United States and her allies rejected a resolution proposed by India which would have rebuked Belgium for her interference and would have empowered the UN force to intervene more fully in Congolese affairs in order to achieve a widely based political settlement. At that time and until recently the United States and her allies have thus hoped that the Kasavubu-Mobutu regime, which is western-oriented, would be able to assert its authority throughout the Congo. They have, in consequence, continued to back it.

Mr. Hammerskjold early in February urged that the UN be empowered to control directly the UN force, to reconvene Parliament and to exclude all foreign military and para-military personnel. In the weeks preceding Lumumba's murder there was every sign that a wide consensus was being promoted to support such a major revision in the UN mandate. The neutralist powers now have every right to be angry. The changes which have been proposed in recent weeks are very similar to those which they themselves have urged since last December. And now, because of the delay, their man Lumumba and numbers of his aides have been murdered. One need not attribute Communist sympathies to explain why the reactions of African nationalists in the present

crises contain a strong streak of bitter hostility to the Western nations.

R. C. PRATT

The Reluctant Relic

► I USED TO HAVE an eccentric friend in Ireland who sometimes lapsed from his normal courtesy while under the influence of stout or whiskey—especially whiskey. Once when I was a guest in his house he hit me over the head with the blind-roller from his drawing-room window. I was not conscious of having given him offence in any way and therefore withdrew with dignity and went to bed. In the morning I found on my bedside table part of the sinker mechanism of the apparatus used for flushing toilets. It puzzled me. I asked my friend over a late breakfast whether there was special significance in its presence in my room.

"Cairtlinly there is significance," he told me. "That happens to be one of my dearest possessions."

"So?"

"So I want you to have it as some sort of compensation for . . ."

I thanked him. It appeared that he had recently had his bathroom remodelled, much against his will. He was deeply attached to its old fittings, and more especially to one of them in particular.

"It had been," he explained, "the companion of many a lonely hour. It had heard some of my most intimate thoughts and complaints. I insisted on keeping the sinker as a memento."

I insisted on his keeping it. And now I feel about the Toronto Armouries on University Avenue much as I did about that sinker. It has some arcane value of a sentimental sort for a number of people and they do not want to see it go. But it means nothing to me.

I have just received a circular from the Associated Historical Societies' Committee in Toronto enclosing some information and a questionnaire. It tells me that "This stately, well preserved Romanesque building has fallen victim to a small group who would destroy it." It tells me that over 10,000 veterans and their friends have already signed a petition to preserve this stately building and that more signatures are being added every day. The Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire and the United Empire Loyalists' Association have rallied to the flag. Why this outcry? (Apart from the "Romanesqueness" of the building, which I should have thought would have made it at once suspect to all such fellow-travellers of the Orangemen.) The Armouries (I learn) symbolizes the proud traditions of all those units of the Canadian Militia who have drilled there. To demolish it would be "nothing short of sacrilege." "To destroy this splendid old building which is so beloved and in such constant use is an act of iniquitous waste and like the attempted demolition of Old Fort York to make way for the F. G. Gardiner Expressway, absolute vandalism."

Now for the most important of the questions: am I in favor of preserving the University Avenue Armouries for the use of the Militia? My answer is—no. It is one of the most hideous buildings in a city remarkable for the hideousness of its buildings, a blot, a blemish, an eyesore. It should have been demolished long ago. More—it should never have been built. Romanesque my foot. A monstrous bit of architectural doodling that has about

as much connection with Romanesque as Casa Loma has with a real castle. An appalling reminder of the depths to which colonialist architecture could sink.

The second question: do I think the armories should be preserved as a National Historic Site? This is the question that really bugs me. What on earth is historic about it? If it commemorates anything, it is a sort of sentimental, non-combatant militarism. Many people fought a hard old war from 1939 till 1945 in the bars of Claridges Hotel in London, but the British do not on that account declare Claridges an historic site and get up petitions to stop the decor from being altered. How could veterans who were fighting men have any love for such a shrine of the "scarlet majors at the base"—as Sassoon so accurately described them? For the Armories is the altar of soldiering as opposed to fighting, of bull-shine and squarebashing and pipeclay. The reason why the people who love it do love it is because it's about the last place in Toronto where a probationary acting temporary weekend gentleman gets to be called sir.

The case of the Armories has no connection at all with the case of Fort York, which really is an historic site and a reminder of the early days of Toronto. The agitation to save the Armories from well-merited demolition can only harm the cause of preserving genuine historic monuments. Meanwhile its continuing existence, squatting stolidly among the concrete-and-glass boxes of the new University Avenue, probably constitutes an offence against Section 150 of the Penal Code which prohibits obscene publications, which I take to include three dimensional objects tending to corrupt and deprave the taste of those who have to look at them.

KILDARE DOBBS

THE AM-CAN MAN

Not as the name suggests, a representative
Of modern hucksterdom; not, at least, in his opinion:
Although the peacock strut, the clanging voice, and
other qualities
Too nauseous to catalogue confirm that first impression.
No huckster he projects himself on our attention's screen
Custodian (self-styled) of our budding culture.
While those for whom he nurtures it
Open their new bodies to the sun, and sometimes rain,
In gardens and the open fields, fringing the cliffs and
beaches,
He sits within his blind-drawn greenhouse crouched
(Is it in prayer or holy act of execration?)
On the tender shoot so long that to his own imagination
(if to no-one else's) like spider's thread it seems
Stuff of his own guts. Guts of the Am-Can man
Under whose mole-like ministrations
In the derisive sunlight culture already crumbles.
Custodian (self-styled)—he will enrich what now
His sterile meddling starves, when quiet, at last,
He lies to compost our rich earth.

Tom Day

Propaganda

V. W. MULLEN

► WHEN MY WIFE and I visited mainland China last year, we decided to be careful of what we said to our Intourist guides. We were tourists, and we didn't want to become involved in unpleasant political or economic arguments. That doesn't mean that we aren't normally interested in such subjects. We just wanted to make a friendly trip through China.

Our guide for a half-day visit to a commune near Canton was Miss Tan. She interpreted for the director of the commune as he recited production figures about rice and rabbits, sugar cane and smelted iron, for an hour. My wife and I listened politely as we all drank scented tea and ate fresh oranges and papayas from the farm. We even paid for it all afterwards without a murmur.

In the taxi on the way back to the hotel Miss Tan was enthusiastic as she gave credit for the farm's greatly increased production to the new communal system.

"Don't you think it is better for people to live and work together unselfishly in a commune than in the old selfish way?" she asked me. I just mumbled, "Mm-m-m."

"You've seen a commune now. Were the people unhappy? Mr. Dul-iss says they are. What do you think of Mr. Dul-iss?" Miss Tan looked me in the eye and waited.

As my mind groped to identify Mr. Dul-iss, I remembered hearing a Radio Peking program in English in which the announcer quoted various foreigners in praise of communes and the new China. I didn't want my comments on Mr. Dulles to be broadcast in the same way. I tried to think of an original mumble. Just in time my wife pointedly waved her arm at a large brick building we were passing and asked what it was used for. That settled that.

In this co-operative way we kept from committing ourselves on visits to a Middle School, various museums and temples in Canton, Shanghai, and Peking. We managed not to antagonize our guides at the Great Wall, the Ming Tombs, and the Forbidden City. We didn't even make a comment when our guide described how the wicked Anglo-French invaders in 1860 had burned several temples and the top floors of the "Pagoda-that-Touches-the-Clouds" in the Summer Palace in Peking. We merely shrugged at the sight of the carefully unpainted beams covered with century-old smoke.

Finally our Peking guide, Mr. Hu, and the Hotel Intourist Office manager, Mr. Hsu, insisted that we should spend at least half of our last day in Peking at a newly opened Agricultural Exhibition. We had already seen an Industrial Exhibition, and we were sure that this one would be similar, but the two young men were so determined that we gave in.

By the time we had wandered around the cold and crowded halls for over an hour, both of us were becoming openly critical. I even warned my wife surreptitiously not to make caustic comments about the exhibits for fear it might annoy our guides. They, of course, kept up a boastful commentary on everything we looked at.

I deliberately held my tongue, too, until I saw the fruit display. A newsreel team surrounded by strong lights and much impressed farm girls was busily photo-

graphing it. The heap of grapefruit, oranges, and pineapples, supposedly from a southern Chinese province, may have looked good to those northern peasants and workers in January, but I had just come from the tropics. I saw fruit like that every day. I stretched my arm across the rope surrounding the exhibit to touch a luscious looking orange that didn't seem quite real to me. It was hard under my finger. I scratched it deeply, and the mark remained.

"It's made of wax," I said quietly and politely to Mr. Hu. "I wonder why they are making such a fuss about it." With an uncommunicative answer from him this time Mr. Hu led us off to see the exhibition of forest products.

All the way through the rooms devoted to silk, cotton, wheat and rice, and agricultural machinery, we kept quiet. Even a display of paintings and poems by newly literate commune peasants in praise of Chairman Mao caused us to give only smirking smiles. Throughout it all Mr. Hu and Mr. Hsu were determined to show China's progress since the "liberation." They seemed especially pleased to boast that China had eclipsed Great Britain in wheat production. I didn't even mention that there was a slight difference in area between the two countries. My victory at the fruit stand had receded in importance.

Then I saw the two little machines on a table in the water power display. One was a revolving roll covered with graph paper rather like a barograph. As the roll turned, a guided pen traced a path on the squared paper. The other machine had a small brass upright rod mounted on a solid base. At the top of the rod were four revolving arms with cups attached to the ends. It reminded me of the machines you see on aerodrome control towers for measuring the speed of the wind.

"Now here you see our machine for measuring the flow of running water," said Mr. Hu, pointing to the first machine. "In using this machine our democratic People's Republic is far ahead of imperialist America." I was accustomed to such talk by then, and I merely kept quiet.

Mr. Hsu poked the second machine and added sarcastically, "This is the crude American machine. See how old-fashioned it is!" Obviously this was a great victory for the People's Republic.

"How do you know this was made in America?" I protested somewhat warmly as I picked it up. As a Canadian, I have anti-American feelings at times, but I do like to be fair.

Yes, it was American. Mr. Hu and Mr. Hsu grinned in triumph at the Chinese-speaking attendant as I sheepishly read aloud the small label on the bottom, "The Northwest Instrument Company, Portland, Oregon. Since 1907."

I thought of such a windmill machine turning in the Columbia as it rushes past Portland. Then in a flash I saw Johnnie Walker going strong since 1820.

That was enough. I hadn't been teaching "English as a Foreign Language" for ten years in odd parts of the world for nothing. These Chinese guides had a good command of English, but I was certain that they didn't understand American advertising expressions.

"Humph," I said, "no wonder it's old-fashioned. It says it was made in 1907. It's more than fifty years old."

I laid it down scornfully and walked across to another

exhibit. My hands trembled in my pockets.

Behind me was consternation. Mr. Hu and Mr. Hsu and the attendant were all speaking Chinese at once. The little machine was turned over and over and examined carefully. Another more important person joined the group.

My wife and I were trying to appear absorbed in the study of a kite used for dropping propaganda leaflets over Formosa when our guides caught up with us a few minutes later.

"Yes, you are right. That water speed indicator *was* made in 1907," confessed Mr. Hu. "However, the Americans have not yet invented a new one, and that's why we're ahead of them."

I was ready to make peace. I bestowed on him a magnanimous grin and nodded in agreement. My victory was won and I was satisfied.

SPRING SONG

season of new hopes
new girls, new prospects,
plans, opening of rooms
putting up of screens.
these solemn rites
of pruning, raking
and washing the car
(ablutions solemn)
while the baseball game
dispersed through
10,000 radios
works out the drama
of our several destinies

while now shoots surge
in winter stubble
green as eyes in brown weeds
and the quickening earth,
bud-bursting spermy old mother
in heat again.

and i young though older
than last spring,
older too in knowing,
sad too with the inner chill
(no awake quickening there)
only the copper penny taste
of loss and the end of things

and the day goes up like a kite
lost in some faroff tree
leaving me the tangled string
that falls across the roofs
and yards of strangers

Eugene McNamara

ARIEL F. SALLOWS, Q.C. H. A. OSBORN, LL.B.
G. E. NOBLE, LL.B.

SALLOWS, OSBORN & NOBLE

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

5, 6 & 7 The New Craig Block
NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

ANGUISH OF DEPARTURE (FOR MARY)

as she walks
in a sudden shower of gold
imperious, urn-caught
bright as a coin
(yet within:
remembrance of her first
halting child's steps
and all falls and sudden leaping
and all her running youth.)
she turns a corner
coming on to a dusty room
filled with dry leaves
and jars full of dead roses
and walks among them
not sadly, yet not gently.
fiercely kind.
the bright helmet of her hair
blinds me to the arrows of her eyes
and i fall in joy
blood-jetting
pierced by wonder
taken by sweetness.
but she,
passing on,
to conquer what other worlds?
leaving me to plunge
blind fingers
into a dry heart.

Eugene McNamara

POEM FOR MY SON MICHAEL

that bottled bee you let out

(because, i guess, his futile
frantic thrum at the curved glass
reminded you
of anguish you had felt)

will sting whatever's nearest
(which would be you)

remember that
whenever gulls falling
down steep of sky
in cracked-wing ecstasy
plunge into you.

remember that
when fireengines of need
siren to you

and drowning hands pull
you down

to sleep
or what green wonders?

Eugene McNamara

The Back Room

ROBIN MATHEWS

► ONE OF THE MOST delightful galleries in Canada just now is called the Pollock Gallery. It is a very small room, hidden, or rather discovered, behind one of the immense hospital buildings in deep downtown Toronto. The last time I was there the gallery was in chaos. I walked in rather late at night. The seated owner, folded in a basket chair, looked up a little apprehensively.

"Are you open," I inquired hesitantly.

"You might say," he said, brandishing a free arm in a generous gesture, and offering me a cigarette, "I am always open. Help yourself." I did. But when I moved toward a second room, a back room, which I thought was another show room, I was warned away. "That," he said mysteriously, "is darkest Bohemia." I didn't ask what it contained, but I knew, somehow, something big was brooding there.

Contenting myself with the one room, I began looking about at paintings, prints, what-have-you, which seemed carelessly hanged or unceremoniously dumped in corners. From under rather wistful eyebrows the owner told me he was "between shows," and in the midst of the rubble, before I came in, had fallen to thinking...

As I looked at the work, he admired my taste when it agreed with his own, and named me unrepeatable names when it didn't. Unlike his sticky up-town competitors he was as generous with truth and opinion as he was with his expressive gestures. I learned from him that good painters in his *stables* (as the cant term goes) are capable of immense blunders. I learned that some of the stuff he has for sale is worth twice what he is asking, and some worth half. At least according to his taste. He had quaint little critical terms to apply to some of our more respected painters—terms that I have not read in the most *avant-garde* books on the subject. He is an artist himself; and I admired his judgments. They filled me with wonder, for he seemed to think that, in spite of his utter honesty, nothing he would say would keep me from paintings that I really liked. It was surprising to find a gallery owner who believed his visitors might have intelligence and individual taste. But then, he is new to the business.

When I began this note, I didn't intend to personify a gallery. But if I have done so, it is with a reason. Mr. Pollock's gallery, except in two small points, is a microcosm of the Canadian art scene. Let me dispose of the differences before talking about the parallels. Mr. Pollock is unlike any other gallery operator I have met—a wonderful experience, especially in Toronto where the corsets are worn tight and galleries are so reminiscent of funeral parlors that one expects to be—and indeed sometimes is—greeted by unctuous morticians unwilling to express an idea or opinion other than the soporifically elevating, for fear of disturbing the dead. Secondly, in all truth, Pollock Gallery doesn't possess, as some of the sticky up-town galleries do, representations from the very best artists in the country.

But there is a rough and tumble in Pollock Gallery that makes one aware that while art may not be particularly *healthy* (Diagnostic Critics are in their heyday) at present, it is alive and fighting for more life. More than that, drawings of figures distinctly in the tradition

of Michaelangelo lean up against swirling inchoate masses of discordant color. The lately-popular "drip technique" (it speaks for itself) vies for wall space with painstaking "representation." Here is God's plenty. But God doesn't seem to have given things a name yet. Especially in relation to good and evil, art and non-art.

As in the rest of the nation, Mr. Pollock's reservoir of works is mixed both in kind and quality. One becomes aware, looking around Canada, that Canadian plastic art is in a most exciting period. We have never had so many good artists as, say, Tonnancour, Smith, Nakamura, Colville, Lemieux, Pellan, de Niverville, Plaskett, Aspell, and Roberts, to name only a few expressing a very wide range of difference. And we have never had—perhaps because there are so many artists working now — so many run-of-the-mill talents. Often the latter survive because of the wretched quandary non-representational art is in. Who will throw the first stone?

Interestingly, the most strongly individualistic and technically excellent painters are the ones close to representation, despite Borduas, who is something of an angel, and Riopelle who will likely be dead before he is buried. The reason for this is not that abstract expressionism—or whatever one calls the kinds of painting which forsake, more and less, the natural object—is tired or sham. It does have a smaller range of appeal because it has forsaken object, perspective, chiaroscuro, and literary connotation. But, more important, it is partly that unless the artist is angel, like Borduas, and has an intense and versatile vision, he will repeat monotonously, as Toni Onley, Suzanne Bergeron, Marian Scott, Lawren Harris, Richard Gorman and Barry Kernerman have been doing recently. Harold Town, who is seldom anything but exciting in his drawings, is seldom anything but boring in his collage work. The latter, like the work of the others mentioned, repeats a bland pattern of images, freestyle, with a complacency (or apparent complacency) and triviality that is astonishing. Marian Scott, for instance, recently at Laing, repeats a thin swirl, a thick blob, and an overall smudge, relentlessly. Her work is uncomplimentary to the sub-conscious, unrecognizable to the conscious, and indifferent to the emotions.

The other "partly" of the reason non-representational painting is falling into the sere and yellow leaf is that it is being abused, honestly and dishonestly. Michael Snow, Coughtry, Hedrick, and Gorman, for instance, painting at a time when the most important principle of art seems to be that there is none, fill showrooms with fashionable trivia. As fashion their work is captivating. It possesses novelty, youthful energy, amazing spontaneity, and all the shock-value that can be packed into a mixture of guts, garbage, and gouache. What, then, is the trouble? Their painting is modern without being art. And we mistake its fashionable appeal for enduring vitality, as mother did with any number of jeweller's gaucheries she acquired in the past and which nothing could induce her to wear these twenty years.

Specifically, the trend of anti-intellectuality among some artists has become so strong that they believe anything they have to say has meaning as art. That, of course, is the ultimate debasement of art. For when universal human significance is claimed for the most (or even the least) random of human acts, individuality disappears. Individuality (enduring vitality) is

achieved by conscious intention, humility to a tradition, deliberate craft, and native genius. The business of overcoming insuperable obstacles in order to communicate profoundly a profound vision is very largely what art is. The man who recognizes no obstacles to the communication of a profound vision either has a superficial vision or is no artist. Anti-intellectuality is a healthy force for art only as long as it remains intellectual. When it becomes truly ignorant it becomes common, the opposite of individual, and therefore unproductive of art.

Mr. Pollock's gallery reveals these things because his non-representational paintings are like the girl in the rhyme. When they are bad, they are horrid. They seem to lack conscious intention, humility, and deliberate craft; so that whatever native genius there may be is usually lost in a dismal display of "personality." They reveal openly the sources of ephemerality not only in themselves but in their more seductive and tricky brothers and sisters up-town. Sanctioned by the institutions where they learned, the national critical Institution, and the institution of Fashion, the artists appear to feel no importunity to develop intelligence about craft, tradition, and intention. They are encouraged, rather, to hold up the mirror to a faceless society, however real or unreal it may be. They deny the uniqueness of artistic perception—from person to person and from moment to moment. A position which, up to now, the artist has not assumed.

A fairly common belief lately is that art moves, must move, in schools, directions, groups, or phases. In Canada at present the best artists work in no such way. They belong to the scene, but they do not depend on its approbation for their artistic existence. If they are a part of the Institution, it is because they created it, not *vice versa*. The artists who are *apparently* the most *avant-garde* are really the most Institutional. They try to be, according to dictation, *modern* with a difference. One notices that in their attempts to forge a new vision, they seem a little more drunken, wild, and orgiastic each time they appear. Canvases are larger, colors are more stark, statement is the same.

But still we study the walls of Pollock Gallery with care, waiting for a breakthrough. We are not impressed by the work of many of the younger artists represented, though they are obviously searching for something. Perhaps in Mr. Pollock's back room, and in all the back rooms of the nation's "darkest Bohemia" forces are mustering to do something different from what we have ever seen before. Perhaps. Whatever is happening back there, let us hope it has something to do with individuality, artistic integrity, intelligence, and solid technique.

LESSON FROM THE GAELIC

Ask an older man or younger,
For advice about a woman,
To judge the worth of a horse, or
To squint along a line of verse.
Do not ask a man your own age.
Better to look over your left
Shoulder and ask the moon. It will
Not steal the woman, decry the
Horse, nor envy the verse.

Richard E. Du Wors

The Columbia River Agreement

ANTHONY SCOTT

► THERE ARE STILL many decisions to be made about the Columbia River. But a large number of the possible lines of action were precluded by last September's agreement with the Eisenhower administration. This agreement has been amplified by a treaty signed this January by Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Eisenhower, and agreed to by Mr. Bennett on behalf of British Columbia. Therefore it is now possible to observe the history of negotiations in the light of the probable program of basin development. But it must be emphasized at the outset that since the British Columbia government's intentions are not clear even now, there is a real possibility that Ottawa will find itself without constitutional power to force British Columbia to carry out even the spirit of the agreement, let alone the details.

During the whole period of fourteen years the drive to agreement has come from the northwest American states. This region has had the benefit of very cheap electrical power, sold retail for two or three mills per kilowatt hour. This cheapness has been the result of several fortunate circumstances: the Columbia River has provided excellent dam sites for hydroelectric power; many large local industries have consumed the power around the clock; capital facilities have been constructed at low—very, very low—interest rates. It has probably acted as a magnet in drawing new industries to Washington and Oregon (particularly metallurgical industries). Further, a growing, high-income population has become accustomed to the extensive use of power. This power market growth has now overhauled the capacity of the Columbia and its low-cost facilities. The remaining methods of power generation would not be so heavily subsidized, and in any case would be inherently more expensive. Consequently, there is a strong incentive to look around for more cheap hydro.

In 1953 the Kaiser aluminum interests approached the B.C. government, offering to build a dam on the upper tributaries of the Columbia, paying the B.C. government 20 per cent of the extra power generated for the privilege. The B.C. government accepted this proposal in principle, but was prevented from doing so in practice by the refusal of the Ottawa government (personified in 1954 by Mr. Lesage) to allow work on an international river.

Something positive had to be done, however. The Americans were keen to get more electricity, and B.C. was certainly not using all its falling water. The International Joint Commission (its Canadian membership personified by General McNaughton) was instructed to study the Columbia and its use.

There were engineering potentialities, and problems, in abundance. It would be possible to develop almost one billion horsepower, if advantage were taken of the fall of all the water in the upper Columbia drainage basin. On the other hand, the rain and snow fall is confined to the winter months, so that the costs of impounding all this water for use throughout the year would be very high. Further, since the nearest Canadian

market is at least four hundred miles away, the transmission expenses would be alarming.

The Columbia headwaters wind out of the Rocky Mountain Trench and into parallel valleys. Two of the main tributaries rise close together, and one of them subsequently passes close to the headwaters of the Fraser system. There are, therefore, several opportunities for diverting the waters collected by a considerable length of the Kootenay into the upper Columbia, and diverting some (perhaps all) into the Fraser. There were several combinations of these possibilities; in addition, there were many possible dam sites and as many combinations of dam sites. In all there were hundreds of possible ways of using the upper Columbia and Fraser rivers.

The upper Columbia, of course, flows into the American basin. Indeed, the Kootenay does so twice, having crossed back into Canada in the meantime. Any Canadian water-storage, even that for the generation of power at the Canadian dam site, would even out the seasonal flow of the lower Columbia through the existing American generators, and so increase their firm capacity. It would also justify their installing more generators. Dams (such as the Kaiser project) built in Canada with this American generating capacity as their chief beneficiary, would be operated primarily so as to release water when the American dams had been nearly emptied, and so confer an even greater increase on their generating capacity. On the other hand, the United States' last important dam-site was so close to the Canadian border that its construction would require the flooding of 15,000 acres of bottom land suitable for agriculture. Obviously, anything that one country did, diverting, restraining or backing-up the river, would affect the other.

WHAT WERE the rules of the game?

In 1909 Canada had agreed with the United States (in the Boundary Waters Treaty) to follow the Harmon doctrine, which the United States had developed in earlier disputes with Mexico and with Canada. This treaty, in article 2, appears to give either country full rights to divert temporarily or permanently the waters on its own side of the boundary. However, it was further agreed that if such diversion caused injury on the other side of the boundary, it would entitle the injured parties to seek legal remedies "as if such injury took place in the country where such diversion or interference took place." Canadian lawyers (I am relying on Professor Charles Bourne, who has written several learned papers on the international law aspects of the Columbia) and the Canadian government have argued that that article entitles Canada to the exclusive use of the waters in the upper Columbia, with the minor exception of sufficient waters to permit navigation downstream. The American use of Great Lakes water for the Chicago Drainage canal is consistent with this interpretation, applied to the St. Lawrence system.

American and Canadian authorities, however, differed as to the interpretation of the right to legal remedies. Unfortunately for those Americans who might wish to seek remedy or damages for any future Canadian diversion, the water law of British Columbia puts licensed water users in B.C. under no obligation to downstream unlicensed users. Hence the Treaty phrase quoted above would give injured Americans no safeguard against di-

version unless they could persuade the Comptroller of Water Rights not to license it. This seems to remove any obstacle to Canadian planning to dam or divert the upper Columbia. Professor Bourne and his legal colleagues have also argued that, quite apart from the Treaty, the general principles of international law would permit Canada to make *reasonable* diversions of the upper Columbia. "Reasonable," for example, might be interpreted to permit Canada to divert one-quarter of the Columbia flow into the Fraser.

Why then did not Canada go ahead and divert? There were several reasons. First, it was obviously expensive, even if it should ultimately prove profitable, to divert much of the Columbia into the Fraser. On the other hand, the American dams were already there and a good deal of extra power could be obtained merely for the price of creating the storage. Second, although McNaughton was not interested in the Fraser river salmon fishing industry, which would be heavily damaged by such diversion, B.C. was politically reluctant, to put it mildly, to put any obstacle in the way of the annual fish migration to the spawning beds. Third, B.C. could not at once use much of the extra power that would be thus created, and would either have to develop it very slowly, (though there would be high initial costs of diversion) or else sell it to the Americans. Hence there has not been much actual promotion of Canadian projects to divert the Columbia.

But the diversions, as studied in detail by General McNaughton's team, had been shown to be legally permissible, technically possible and commercially profitable. They were then in a position to turn to their American colleagues and ask them if they had a better suggestion. Would the Americans like to pay the Canadians for storage of water in Canada that would make it possible to generate more power, cheaply, in the United States? Or would the Americans prefer Canada to go ahead with diversion projects that would (a) prevent much of the improvement of American downstream generating capacity, (b) possibly deprive the present capacity of some of its annual water receipts, and (c) imperil the American share of the annual salmon catch on the coast?

Such payment for "downstream benefits" was clearly not envisaged in the 1909 Treaty, nor had it been seriously mentioned before about 1954 in the Columbia negotiations. The Kaiser company had indeed offered to pay B.C. a share of downstream benefits, but a later U.S. proposal (in 1954-55) did not make this offer. In general, where there is a series of public and private dams along a river, U.S. laws and utility regulations do not require a downstream generator to pay, implicitly or explicitly, for the benefits conferred on it by storage upstream. This is one reason for many experts favoring continued public development of the Tennessee Valley power system; when all dams are publicly owned they are each built, and subsequently operated, with an eye to the total power production of the entire system, not to the maximisation of profit by a particular power house. However, a system of downstream benefit payments to upstream storage dams is economically feasible and should make it possible to combine separate ownership with maximum technical efficiency of use of the river-basin's potentialities. Increasing realization of this point at home probably made the American negotiators increasingly willing to agree to downstream benefits for

Canada. As well, the international lawyers were able to point to international and American inter-state precedents for payment for downstream benefits.

THE STAGE WAS now set for agreement. Canada had shown that in the diversion it had a feasible alternative, which would give it power at rates the western market was willing to pay. An additional alternative was provided by a private scheme (encouraged by the B.C. government) to develop the Peace River. Cost estimates for power from this source ranged from six to nine mills. Apart from the Libby dam project, the U.S. had few hydroelectric alternatives; it would have had to turn to thermal power within a few years. Thus for each country there were known limits within which it was willing to bargain.

The bargain was struck last autumn, and refined in January. Canada is within five years to build the "high" Arrow and Duncan Lakes dams at a cost of about \$100 millions. In return it is to get half the additional power generated in United States' facilities downstream, delivered to the Canadian border. Then, by 1970, Mica Creek dam, to be built for another \$250 millions, will build up B.C.'s downstream share of "prime" power from 550 to 760 megawatts, and provide a site for power generation from the water it releases. Seven hundred and sixty "prime" megawatts is equivalent to about 1,300 "firm" megawatts (only sustainable over a relatively short peak-demand period), and to a total flow of about six billion kilowatt hours per year. Mr. Fulton claims this power can be delivered in Vancouver for four mills, most of it interest and amortisation on the \$350 million dam costs. He has not made clear whether he is assuming power would be delivered on American lines to Vancouver.

This rate appears highly advantageous to B.C. as consumer and as landlord of its power resources. Whether it is also better than the rejected Columbia-Fraser diversion alternative, which would deliver power to Vancouver for higher storage and generation costs but smaller transmission costs, is not known, as comparable data have not been published. Presumably it is. If so, the fifty-fifty figure (which is already used in sharing the fisheries on the coast) meets the economic test of being not only profitable, but also more profitable than any other alternative.

Actually much of Canada's new downstream power share initially will be sold in the United States, since the B.C. market cannot swallow it all now. The CCF professes to be worried that this cheaper power will be sold in the competitive U.S. market while B.C. consumes dearer Peace River power. It seems fairly clear that the actual developer will be the government's B.C. Power Commission, thus relegating the private B.C. Electric Company to the role of distributor in the lower mainland area.

Most of the data above was obtained from disparate sources. Observers have despaired of comparing the Peace and Columbia projects, because the reports were apparently not comparable in their assumptions about transmission of power to Vancouver, nor in the crucial matter of the service rates and depreciation charges. It was assumed however that Mr. Fulton's group in Ottawa and Mr. Bennett's staff in Victoria had all the information they needed to make their various decisions and proposals.

Now it appears that this was never so. Mr. Bennett has challenged Mr. Fulton's four-mills-delivered-in-Vancouver estimate for the Columbia, and Mr. Fulton has failed to indicate that his calculation was much better than a back-of-the-envelope guess. Mr. Bennett has now declared he won't go ahead on the Columbia unless Ottawa will "guarantee" the four-mill estimate (i.e. will subsidize that part of the cost that exceeds four mills). The general ignorance apparently extends also to the Peace. In any case Mr. Bennett has now assigned his advisory B.C. Energy Board to obtain an independent engineering report which compares Peace and Columbia costs. All this *after* Victoria and Ottawa have agreed with the United States to proceed on the Columbia! Lands and Forests Minister Williston recently fobbed off critics of Columbia power development by saying they "did not know the whole story." The deplorable thing is that Canada has apparently signed before *anyone* has known the full value of the alternatives.

It is planned that the Canadian dams would also develop power at the site. This power would be more costly, since it would require new generators and an elaborate transmission system. It may raise the investment from \$350 to over \$450 millions. Potential annual generation would be four times that of the downstream-benefits receipts; but there is an important difference. It would not be "firm" power, and would presumably be generated in accordance with an over-all plan of water release for the downstream facilities. Presumably some part of it would be firm, but data are not released so that no estimate can be made of its cost or value.

Who would finance all this? Ottawa has offered to finance half the *storage* investment, or approximately \$175 millions. Mr. Bennett thinks the terms of this offer are harsher than would be stipulated by his own financial sources, presumably in New York. Victoria must also find the money for the other half of the \$350 millions, plus all of the \$100 millions for generation in B.C., its transmission cost and something more for transmitting the downstream-benefit power from Oliver. This suggests the province must find at least \$250 millions before it can start.

The publicity over the agreement indicated that a start would be made on construction in 1961. However, planning takes time. Even more important, it is necessary for B.C. to pass enabling legislation, and find the money; for the U.S. to decide what downstream facilities are to be expanded (they may have to spend \$200 million to be able to use the new water for peak hours, and there are public and private contenders for the rights to make this expansion); and for Victoria, Ottawa, Washington and the Bonneville power authority to come to agreement on physical details not yet worked out. Some work may be done in 1961. But the Peace River interests suggest that whereas they can deliver power by 1968, it will take a year or so longer for the "Columbia boys" to deliver.

Another "detail" arises from the flooding of the Arrow Lake banks. It is estimated that some 1500 people will have to be relocated and compensated; a project which will undoubtedly be in the news for the next ten years.

TWO OTHER SCHEMES are also connected with the essential project. One of these is the Libby Dam, on the Kootenay River where it swings southwest from Canada before swinging north again to join the Columbia. This

dam has long been the best U.S. project alternative to cooperation with Canada. Many American politicians and spokesmen are committed to its construction. Its contribution to storage for the whole Columbia is quite large, but its costs are very high. If the whole basin were in one country it would be rejected by the Corps of Engineers (or the B.C. Power Commission) in favor of the schemes already mentioned.

However, the U.S. has been given five years in which to build the Libby Dam. It is not made clear exactly how its construction would affect the Canadian share of downstream benefits, but we are told that it will be counted as though it were built last. Hence it will be credited with only a quarter of the storage and so should not encroach on the Canadian 1300 megawatts. The big drawback to the Libby Dam is that its construction means that Canada cannot divert the Kootenay back into the upper Columbia at their joint source. Victoria was against this anyway, because the diversion would mean flooding extensive acreages of the so-far neglected Kootenay Valley agricultural land, in the southern Rocky Mountain Trench. Mr. Fulton urged B.C. to forget about this farm land, but lost. It was left that if the Libby Dam is not built in five years, Canada will be free again to try to convince B.C. to divert Kootenay water into the upper Columbia, and so over the Mica and Arrow dams. And even if Libby is built, Canada will be free after twenty years to divert 1.5 million acre-feet from the Kootenay into the Columbia—if B.C. will agree.

All experts seem agreed that the greatest amount of total Columbia River power, for a given amount of storage, would be created by neglecting Libby and diverting the Kootenay back into the Columbia. They argue that the optimum project would be to treat the Columbia as the property of one country, maximise the "profit" from the production of power by constructing the best system of co-ordinated dams and generators and divide this "profit" on some equitable basis so that each country is at least better off than it would be if it tried to develop separately. On the whole this principle is being followed. If now the U.S. will scrap the tempting \$300 million Libby project and B.C. will abandon its back-to-the-land dreams, it may yet be possible to make the best use of all the natural and financial resources of each country. Further dams can be fitted in as they are required, chiefly on the northern Columbia system. It is planned to review the downstream benefit attribution every five years.

Two more details. First, B.C. will be paid \$65 million for its dams' flood-prevention capabilities on the lower Columbia. Second, in twenty-five years, the present growth of the northwest may have outstripped the hydro capabilities of the Columbia and the Peace. Thus, by (say) 2,000 A.D. the system will come to depend on thermal stations for its peak power. Just how to value the water storage facilities when thermal power looks after the peaking problem has not yet been settled. Probably the present "incremental" approach will be reviewed so that every five years the new steam plants are credited with a larger share of their extra firm capacity. By that time B.C. will find that its more remote hydro facilities are no longer the source of particularly cheap power. All the better reason, therefore, for speeding the present projects, while the impounded water still has a high incremental value.

Canadian Calendar

- In 1960 the normal 7 per cent growth rate in the consumption of cigarettes dropped to 2 per cent.
- The levels of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan will drop about three inches in 1962 as a result of channel-deepening operations in the Detroit-St. Clair Rivers system.
- December enrolment in Canadian universities and colleges was 11.8 per cent higher than that of the previous year; this is the greatest increase for any single year since the influx of veterans in 1946-7.
- Immigration from China was down by almost half in 1960: 1,370 Chinese were admitted to Canada as against 2,561 in 1959.
- Canada has established diplomatic relations with Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama, and has agreed to exchange ambassadors with Ecuador.
- Canada's consumer price index, which measures price changes as they affect families in cities with a population over 30,000, is to be revised in March to reflect alterations in Canadian buying habits. The new index will add 38 items, among them electric sewing machines, toys, sports equipment, jewelry, air travel, TV repairs and admissions to hockey, football and baseball games. Food now takes a smaller proportion of the consumer dollar, but restaurant meals take 10 per cent of food spending. Dropped from the new index are the costs of brooms and mops, laundry soap, ice, men's overalls and work boots.
- Roger Bull, acting trade commissioner in Leopoldville, who returns to Canada in April after completion of his two-year assignment in the Congo, will not be replaced by another trade representative.
- On January 31, fire destroyed the main building of the top secret National Defense radar research laboratory near Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. The laboratory was a joint Canada-U.S. research project related to the defense of North America against ballistic missiles.
- The Northwest Territories Council, in its twentieth session held January 16 to 23, proposed a scheme of incentives which would yield doctors and dentists setting up private practice in the Territories an income comparable to what they could expect in Southern Canada.
- As the first step in becoming a province, the District of Mackenzie in the Northwest Territories has set 1963 as the year in which it hopes to gain autonomy as a separate territory. 14,000 of the Northwest Territories' 22,000 population live in the Mackenzie District.
- In 1960 a bumper honey crop of 32,200,000 pounds was produced. The number of beekeepers declined from 14,180 in 1959 to 12,240.
- A ruling which requires Canadian superior court judges to retire at the age of 75 will go into effect March 1. The legislation, which involved an amendment to the BNA Act, was forwarded to the British Parliament for approval and given Royal assent December 20. Twelve judges will be immediately affected: four from Quebec, three from Saskatchewan, two from B.C., and one each from N.S., Manitoba and Alberta.
- Canadians, outdistanced by citizens of South American countries, rank seventh among the world's meat eaters with about 143 pounds per capita consumed per year.
- Answers to a 24-point questionnaire sent out by the Canadian Medical Association's committee on prepaid medical care reveal that 91 per cent of the 10,669 doctors who answered favor negotiation with provincial governments in order to obtain medical care schemes acceptable to the profession.
- Quebec's seven-year old ban on margarine will be lifted during the current legislative session.
- The Canadian-American Committee, a joint organization of the National Planning Association of Canada, has issued a report to set the record straight on Canada's trade with Cuba. Among other points the report states that Canada controls the export of military and strategic goods, and no such goods have been exported to Cuba in a year. Canada is not permitting the transshipment of U.S. goods through Canada to Cuba and has changed its export permit system to make certain such transshipment is prevented. Canada's exports to Cuba, which dropped from fifteen million dollars worth in 1959 to thirteen million in 1960, have consisted mostly of newsprint, flour, fish, malt and potatoes, the last four of which are not included in the U.S. embargo, which excepts food and medical supplies.
- William L. Holland, for many years secretary-general of the Institute of Pacific Relations, is to head the department of Asiatic studies at the University of British Columbia.
- Canada has sold forty million bushels of wheat and barley to China for sixty million dollars cash.
- Ontario's welfare minister has announced a 15 per cent increase in relief allowances for food, clothing and shelter.
- To offset higher costs of maintaining services, and an anticipated reduction in advertising revenues as a result of competition from the new private television stations, the Federal Government's annual grant to the CBC has been increased by \$10,300,000.

M. R. HALDI, B. Comm.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

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LOVE DOES NOT FALL

love does not fall
like the sun doomed
by way of earth,

nor as the tide's spent beasts
fall,
back to guard
the gaping womb
of sea;

rising where proud twister storm
plays near a lonely
tentative town,

love falls
where love's rapt air
can not stand up
and can not
sit down;

but twister hears the hurt
precarious cry!
(was patience or care
asked in the free
abounding sky?)

the twister flails with loving
ignorant joy
then falls
astonished to the ground
too near
and too far
from the ruined town.

Malcolm Miller

THOUGHTS OF A SEAMAN CAUGHT INLAND TOO LONG

when I shake their barnacle hands goodbye
periwinkle rings open to gleam,
and seawater rushes from people's ears,
and I stare into seagull eyes;

to reach home I must cross
herds of touchy snorting whales,
pull myself up seaweed curbs,
and wade through jelly fish
in a rising tide;

and home in bed the darkness floats
my raft among
sly biding sharks that cruise
closer and closer
and lunge—

till I wake grateful
in the warm mud flats: did

some kindly porpoise
nose me in?

I hear rap!
on my bedroom door

(but is this bedroom now
or beach?)

an all night drinking friend
to breakfast?
or some insomniac lobster
who lonely by himself
just wants to play?

Malcolm Miller

UNDER THE PINES

With the knowledge of evil comes more and more
the knowledge,
Not of good but of grace, of miracle, but not
The heart's facile longings: Radical Grace.
My heart, open your eyes: there's too much to see
But picnics aren't lovely like certain flowers
When the wind moves them, and sun shines on them.
We are fools to hasten things along. We're stone
Soon enough, and power's no judge in itself.
The fullness of time's like summer and autumn,
Like spring, lovers who learn too late. Rest
Without violence or sleep. Death's all too soon.

Tracy Thompson

EASTER

A rabbit came into my garden, I thought
"It could be an adumbration of Easter."
But I had grown skeptical and partial,
I hesitate upon the hem of miracle
And almost nurture doubts. Old age,
The one theme now, the end of joy
Such as once I knew it, positive.
Of what I have, of what is left
Now it is always, "What can I make
After all the ravages; the residue."
The rabbit's pinkish, not pure white,
Its whiskers droop about its carrot,
The season's soggy for this time
Of year; it doesn't seem like Easter.
Or like the Easters that I knew.
But I have an egg which I can color
Blue, or paint it stripes; a basket,
Some straw to line the basket, cards
I can mail to friends, greetings.

Tracy Thompson

WHERE WERE WE THAT DAY?

If you look down there, beneath that fence
Sagging near the middle, a little to the left,
You'll see her; shall we toss up our monument
Now, or wait until we're sure? In that lower cleft
Beside the clump, you may dump the dirt and gravel.
This is one mystery no heart or mind ever will
unravel.

Hush, don't excite her; let a gentle breeze
Waft odor of rose upward, odor of pine down,
And while we traipse gently by nor seize
A peach branch, we'll say a prayer nor frown.
Meanwhile, no bets or runes. Tether the horses.
I have heard man say, "Nature must run her courses.

Tracy Thompson

J. S. Woodsworth and the New Party

KENNETH McNAUGHT

► WOODSWORTH WAS ONE of those rare men whose interior thought was identical with his outward statements. He was also among the very few whose essential principles and goals throughout his career remained consistent. His life is one of the best refutations of the glib shibboleth that consistency is a sign both of weakness and a small mind.

From the earliest entries in the diary which he kept on the prairie mission field in the 1890's to his last statements in the Canadian parliament (although the terminology changed) he was moved by the same primary concern. In his diary in the autumn of 1897 he wrote to himself:

Oh, how prone to wander away. Is this very proneness not yet a remnant of the sinful life? I do not mean an inclination or desire for positive sin, but rather an apathy which does not allow the soul to pray without ceasing . . .

Indifference was the one sin—in himself or in others—that he could never forgive. And this is very good theology, both for religious people and for secular socialists. In Christian theology indifference is the ultimate sin—against the Holy Ghost; in socialist thought it is also the ultimate 'sin'—against the brotherhood of man.

To Woodsworth as he passed physically from the prairie mission circuit to city slums and the docks of Vancouver the results of indifference were all too evident. As he moved mentally from the problem of personal, everlasting salvation to that of saving society in this world, indifference remained his prime target of attack. In the Impecunious Society, the society of scarcity in which he lived, he was never at a loss for illustrations of the essential brutality produced by its underlying creed. One of his best achievements was the steady stream of magnificently publicized and usually dramatic evidence, ranging from stark contrasts between the lives of mine-owners and the lives of miners to the relationship of crime to unemployment (a relationship whose ugly face we still must recognize).

Nor did he miss the subtlety of the capitalist system—he had read his Hobson too well. He was quick to see the methods by which a kept press and the power elite (he called them bosses) buttressed their positions in the minds of the people. A bishop blessing a cannon in Vancouver, a prime minister willing to overspend on a peace tower in Ottawa or a minister of finance with his supporting editors sobbing over the burdens placed upon the enterprising middle class—all were seen with the flummery stripped away. Today Woodsworth would undoubtedly be castigating those who think the symbol of a new city hall is more important (or as important) than the reality of low-rental housing. He was very good at discerning and unmasking rationalization, ulterior motive or conflict of interest. His skill is no less needed in a "boom" economy.

Of course he had one overwhelming advantage denied

to many who live in the soft and cynical years of the second half of this century. He actually believed in two basic principles. He believed that war was an absolute sin; and he believed that social-economic exploitation of man by man was only slightly less wrong than war itself. It was to these two principles that he related all his reading, all his thinking and all his action. Perhaps, further, one can say that his two principles were really one, namely, that competition amongst men for private gain was the root of the indifference to the social evil he saw all around him.

In our sophisticated age one is almost reluctant to declare that Woodsworth believed in love and co-operation rather than original sin and regulated private enterprise. To do might make him seem simple-minded and anachronistic. I do not believe he was (or is) either. For all the sophistication of neo-orthodoxy in religion, all the rephrasing of the new sociology (power elite, white collar, alienation) and all the arguments of the counter-cyclical financiers do not mask the underlying cynicism about man which characterizes our age. And to be cynical in this respect is to be willing to permit drift rather than mastery in human affairs.

This brings us to the New Party and Woodsworth's relationship to it.

In the wide range of New Party conferences and discussion groups that have been held, up to the end of 1960, one thing seems to stand out pretty clearly. I wish to illustrate this by reference to three speeches that have been delivered at such gatherings; one by an old socialist, one by an ex-Liberal, liberally-minded independent, and one by a liberal maverick.

The Hon. T. C. Douglas, speaking at the Montreal conference, used the word socialism but his argument was straight out of J. K. Galbraith. We must not, he said, try in the sixties to solve the problems of the thirties with the methods advocated in the thirties. If private enterprise can do the job in significant sectors of the economy, let it do it. The rightward trend, begun in the CCF several years ago, was carried, one felt, to its ultimate conclusion of American progressivism and British Gaitskellism (which are one and the same thing).

Mr. Walter Young, speaking at the Toronto conference, declared that if Woodsworth were alive today he would be all for compromise, the acceptance of new political alliances and the creation of a non-socialist image acceptable to an affluent society.

Professor Frank Underhill, speaking at Toronto, pronounced his benediction upon the middle class. This class, he said, is the only creative class in society and it is therefore to this class that the New Party must direct its attention. He also presented an analysis of contemporary politics which seems to be accepted widely in New Party circles. We are at the end, he announced, of the long conservative trance through which we have been blundering in the fifties. To make this point he indicated the Kennedy victory in the United States—which seems odd on two counts. First, it is odd to select the narrowest electoral win in American history as indicating anything. But more important, to see the Kennedy victory as ending conservatism suggests a peculiar willingness to reinterpret political categories which

seems to be epidemic in the New Party. If ever a tory democrat drew breath, surely it is John F. Kennedy.

The point is that socialism has been largely snowed under in the New Party, and has been replaced by the neo-Keynesian doctrines of affluence. To a large extent this has been possible because of the rapid post-war recovery of capitalism, the advance of welfare measures, the debate in British and European social-democratic parties about the virtues of public ownership and the fears of the cold war. These events have made it politically tempting in Canada to soft-pedal the socialist interpretation, and even the word "socialism" itself. With so many of us ensconced in split-levels and borne in loan-company cars it is comfortable to believe that the boom-bust cycle of capitalism has been eliminated by deft budgeteering, that a government manned by the right people could tame the great corporations and still leave them in the hands of efficient private managers who will happily permit the necessary investment "in the public sector" while ensuring that a suitable set of "countervailing forces" prevents the growth of vested interest bureaucracy. With Professor Galbraith's handy intellectual barbiturates available to all, we can forget the old stuff about interlocking directorates (which all economists agree have increased the concentration of economic control rather than lessened it since the war); we can forget the creeping capitalism that is taking over the air-waves inevitably, since it still controls the sources of corporate wealth; we can forget the mass-conformity and abasement of the will secured by billion-dollar advertising budgets which cripple our culture and rival the thought-control of communism. All that is necessary is to follow Galbraith and politely intimate to private business that all this is not a very good thing.

It seems more than probable that those who defend the "mixed economy" and the belief that the motive of regulated private profit is a better inhibitor of bureaucracy than public and co-operative ownership accept a view of human nature which is even less aware of man's sinful nature than was Woodsworth's view. While it is true that Woodsworth could and did compromise in political situations, there is one area in which he never did and would not today compromise: the area of his belief in co-operation as opposed to competition. And in that area he had no illusions about the basic motives of a capitalist middle class. He would have been no more impressed by the Canadian version of the Galbraith-Kennedy line than he was by the Bennett New Deal. He would have welcomed what it might offer in the way of compensatory amelioration but he would never have accepted a party line which was based on the myth of taming capitalism—upon the implied social philosophy of the joint Stevenson-Kennedy phrase: "If the free society cannot help the many who are poor, it can never save the few who are rich." He would still be pointing to the failure of a North American society, called affluent by its beneficiaries, in which (apart even from the present crisis of unemployment) more than a quarter of the population does not share in the "good life" of the majority. And he would still believe that as long as a significant sector of collective wealth is left in private ownership that sector will ultimately control the press, the pulpit and the government.

He would not lack illustrations for his argument. He would instance the millions of pounds worth of adver-

tising contributed by the denationalized steel trust to the defeat of the British Labour Party. He would raise questions about a culture which depends upon the advertising imagination of a trust-controlled brewery to provide it with a performing centre for the arts. He would be deeply interested in puncturing the popular belief that the west is no longer "imperialist"; in analyzing the passage from gun-boat imperialism to investment and cold war imperialism; and especially in portraying the militarization of democracy through its economic dependence on the war contracts of private industry. He would relish the opportunity of describing how publicly-owned services have become a part of business-socialism and the non-profit doctrine has been used to create a huge system of subsidization of private industry. And he would certainly underline the impossibility of serving the public sector adequately through tax revenue and "inducements" to private industry alone.

Apart from social-economic policy his chief concern would be with any evidence he might discern of a tendency to organize for the capture of power *per se*. He never believed that the only, or even the primary, purpose of a political party was to gain office. It is the New Party's compulsion to establish an inoffensive image that would upset him most. Certainly Woodsworth would welcome the new, declared alliance with the trade unions as he would the special appeal to independents. But just as certainly he would accept the new political framework only if it did no damage to his basic principle. An alliance and a program which would express faith in private profit as the motive and regulator of any area of collective wealth he would not accept. In terms of British politics, from which he drew many of his ideas, he would unquestionably side with that wing of contemporary Fabianism which says: "So far from trying to show that its leaders can manage capitalism as competently as the Tories and reshaping itself in the image of the American Democratic party, the Labour party, if it is ever to return to power with a mandate from the people, must remain a socialist challenge to the established order."

In foreign policy there can be no doubt about the position which Woodsworth would be taking today. The advent of nuclear weapons with its concomitant possibility of ending all civilization would have swept away any lingering doubts he might have had about his condemnation of war as the necessary continuance of diplomacy. Military alliances outside the United Nations he would be denouncing as the ultimate idiocy which they are. Incidentally, it is interesting to note the usual coincidence of socialist and non-alignment views in New Party meetings. One wonders how far the purpose of image-painting affects foreign policy, as it undoubtedly affects domestic policy discussions.

That which gave Woodsworth his great strength was the ability to define and hold to a basic principle. Talk about countervailing pressures, and a nod in the direction of equality of opportunity would not have satisfied him. An unequivocal declaration of belief in equality accompanied by a clear renunciation of the principle of competition would still have been the *sine qua non*.

He might well have been unpopular were he here today, but for the health of the New Party it is a shame that he is not.

Togetherness

SHORT STORY BY NANCY GOULD ASHBAUGH

► SHE MIGHT DO IT tonight the girl was thinking as she sat looking at her mother, if not tonight, then she will in the morning or sometime tomorrow. She should know that I can tell after that other time, even if he can't. And I don't intend to tell him in case he hasn't noticed. This time I hope it is true, I really do, even with the party at the school I have my dress and my shoes and there is no reason why I should not go, I can say I was advised to go, and I shall get all sorts of attention and sympathy. Oh, he is such a stupid slob she thought looking over her book and so are all those people who bring their children to him and go away believing all that stuff he tells them. I know he brings me up as a fine example of parent-child relationship. And there is my other relation, there she sits, the amateur. Amateur interior decorator, gardener, and mother, above all, mother. She was once a professional, a nurse, can you imagine it? Why didn't she go back to work after I was born. Not that one, for seventeen years she has been painting this house, making new curtains, raising flowers, and trying to impress her snotty friends, all the while running my life and keeping out of lover boy's reach. Look at that fireplace, black and no fire, so the andirons will stay shiny, that white paper fluted fan, it looks like a funeral spray on a black coffin. Now he is using the ashtray there. She will get up and empty it. There she goes. Oh, he'll marry again, probably that secretary in his office, the one with all that swirled and piled high hair and the pierced ears and shaved, slit line drawn on eyebrows and she wears all that black because she thinks it makes her look like a lady. If she only knew. Looks just like a French whore. And he thinks she is wonderful. His face when she calls, supposedly about a patient and he grabs the phone. Look at him. Home for a change because of that damned horse. He is really concerned. He knows I didn't get thrown and pass out. He suspects something and all his little wheels are turning over and over, and running down this path and that dead trail searching for something from all those books to explain why case 1289, me, would take a horse out and ride it through fences. Look at her with that false air of ease, hemming those crimson silk curtains for the new library she had built on so that she could impress her friends with her possession of a leather furnished, book walled library, plus the fire she would really have in the new fireplace, designed off center for her friends to rave over. I know the kids at school hate me and there sitting by that dead fireplace is the reason, the two of them. They think I am quiet and queer at school and I am. Who else gets A's in deportment, only me. Sometimes there are things I must do when the mood comes, but not at school. I suppose I'll never get another horse, it has taken me a year to get that one. Oh, he is worried. All of a sudden he has a child, me, and he doesn't know what to do with me. All his happy plans for himself shot for the moment. He has to stop and look at me, too bad. His plans will have to wait, but not after tomorrow. I wonder what he will do then. I suppose he will send me some place, after all he can't send me to himself. I think I'll go to bed and let him sweat. She will be gone

in the morning. I would bet my entire month's allowance on that. Any offers?

And the father and husband was thinking, now what am I going to say to Margery tomorrow. But how could I get away tonight with all this mess on my hands, not easily. That beast of a girl and that damned horse, and that man looking at me like I was a maniac after he shot the animal. That fiend, what possessed her to do a thing like that. Other people aren't bedeviled with a depressed wife and a nut for a child. What is a man supposed to do in a place like Ehney, a college town, where everyone knows everyone else, how long will the board keep me in charge of my department for disturbed children when this gets out. She never should have married at all at her age, thirty for her was too late. She has probably subconsciously hated the child always. She has never shown her much affection. What in hell can I do now? This is probably all over town right this minute. And here she sits doing those curtains, reminding me of the time when something got her, never knew what, and she, by God, tried to drown herself in the river, back then when I was right in the middle of my last book. And there she sits so damned at ease. I'm glad that kid went to bed, too. Always pretending to be reading and you know she is doing nothing of the kind, just sitting there figuring all the time. Unnerving the way she says nothing, absolutely makes no noise of any kind. I wish to hell sometimes she'd even let out a burp, for God's sake, something to let you know she is human, but not a thing. And now there sits her mother holding those damned curtains. Like she just stabbed herself and the blood is running down her leg, like that damned horse. How am I going to watch her until she gets over this one. Of course, tomorrow is Sunday and I'll be home. Margery and I can pull away for the city at the beginning of the week. I'll get her some more of that medicine before I go. Still the damned change of life I suppose, mild hysteria, at least so the doctors say. My God, she's had it for fifteen years. When will she come out of it. I should have gotten a divorce a long time ago. But that was when I was in family relations, how could I publicly refute all those speeches, pamphlets and books. And that kid should have been sent away to school a long time ago. A man in my position shouldn't have to risk ruin like this. Risk his entire career by raising children. And her mother, frigid, my God that woman is frigid. It would kill her to sleep with a man and yet she resents the few women I have been able to enjoy and rarely. What was I supposed to do for seventeen years married to her. And a man isn't through by fifty, not by a damned sight. I'm going to bed, everything will be a hell of a lot more simple in the morning.

And the mother was thinking how fine it was to know that this was the last night that she would be sitting here alone after they had both gone to bed. Tomorrow night at this very same time, that's a radio announcer's line, and she giggled. I think she actually suspects and is happy. He doesn't think so because now he's got the child on his mind. The only thing is that I hate leaving those dirty clothes but there won't be time in the morning. I shall go right out to do the flowers, no one will be up for hours. I shall wear my slacks and that old suede jacket and play shoes. I will trim a rose bush or two, they need cutting back, then I shall leave. I hope the sun is shining, not raining anyway, besides the sun

makes me feel so warm and right. I think Mother would be happy she would understand. She would not want me to live in degradation. Finally he has her on his mind. If he had bothered years ago he would have seen things I have tried not to think about. Of course he would never have thanked me for telling him about her. He will be able to go to all his conferences now and he can send her away to school and sell this house. I wonder if they will have found me by this time tomorrow night I doubt it very much, if even he can find me. I have a perfect place, not even from the air may I be seen, nor the car won't be found in a hurry, either. And he will use planes of course, he is so efficient. That piece of hose I bought at the hardware store is in the laundry tray in the basement. I think I'll just bundle in all those dirty clothes and take those with me, too, I must remember to pick up the hose on my way out with the pruning scissors and the dirty clothes. She counted off, allowing her curtains to slide to the floor, scissors, hose, dirty clothes. She smiled. I will go to bed now and be ready for the morning. There is plenty of gas in the car and that old blanket is in the back seat.

UNDER THE TREE OF DEATH

Shem, Ham and Japheth met at the end of Time,
brothers again upon the face of the deep:
Over Noah's flooded ark wounded beasts climb.
The dove plucks from the tree of life the last leaf.

Says Ham: "The last ray of the last sunset bled.
Not an eye left to cry, not a grief to mourn."
Says Japheth: "Each soul as a grey zero fled."
Says Shem: "Give me the wrath of a claw, a thorn,

to feel even shadows do not pass in vain.
Tear me asunder to know there is still death.
Only the living die again and again.
Only when we live, lives nearby also death."

"Woe Shem! Is there not even death for the dead?"
"Violets grow bluer, stones lock words unsaid."

Menke Katz

THE GLASS WALL

Oh, to be an ant or an ivy plant:
To climb and cling and rise
To the top of this wall of glass.

Not to slip and slide,
Not to crumble and sink
In the quagmire at the bottom.

How to grip—how to claw
Like the teeth of a saw,
Still not lacerate your hands?

Rubber could stretch above it;
Steel could smash through it;
Fire could melt it;
Wings could fly over it;
Bone is heavy—flesh is tender:
They cannot pass above or through—
Through or above—a wall of glass.

Peter Besbas

ODE TO THE JUDEO-CHRISTIAN ETHIC

*What could possibly be more therapeutical
than kittens teething on your cuticle . . ?*

Carter's Little Liver Pills
move us Jacks and Jills
with the regularity
of an I.B.M. machine

only because Sigmund Freud is dean
of the College of Bile and Spleen
and Cod,
of the Lodge of B.B.D. and O. and god

as well: the same that joining together ye old
Nassau County

And Westchester and Fairfield
maximized the yield
on ye good olde gilt-edged security,

the same that by scaling down the Mutiny on the
Bounty
to Studio One's Dorothy Puckerish's gamut of emotions
verily and truly saved the good old U.S.A. for "lotions
of love" and gemutlichkeit, for notions

arrived at through freedom of thought
with the affluence and indebtedness
and bloody flux of exurbanite living bought;
verily and truly saved the good old U.S.A.

through the free association of the most colorful
kind of toilet tissue
(believe you me anti-semitism is not an issue!)
and Junior Miss sizes and feminine hygiene
thanks to which Jude the Obscure and my 'Gene

may nude bathe
any time at midnight and thus be saved from the scathing
ignominy
of pre-Carterian irregularity

by that same Jew, Freud.
And yet how overjoyed
are we he's dead,
hence need not see his bewhiskered head

across the table
whenever, Lucky Strike permitting, we're able
to pub
at the club.

Sol Newman

WITHOUT RHYME

Amputated limb by limb
That elm—beauty in the abstract
Now levelled to the concrete—
Was worth a passing sigh.
Never ask for whom the chopper comes.

Fred Swayze

Turning New Leaves (1)

► ON THE BLURB of this volume of poems*, Miss Avison's long awaited first collection, we are told that the poems have been arranged so that the reader can find his own groupings. The poem that appears last—*The Agnes Cleves Papers*—should actually be read first, I think, if one does accept the invitation to put the poems in some other order. Here Miss Avison presents us with various moments out of various lives—a woman in an apartment with many doors, Alec of the two-door sedan, someone who says that "they should have card-games in the stations" and so on. We get glimpses of legendary beings—Garnet and Miss Rothsey, extremely officey types, who are also Antony and Cleopatra. Garnet could have been an artist, Miss Rothsey once played the violin in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. I suppose they gave up everything for neither love nor hate—just being office types. Soon after their appearance the Papers come to an end, Agnes Cleves dies(?) but "in the morning, you will see, /The children will be chalking hopscotch on /The Moscow streets, on Lima's cathedral square /Past beaky statue-shadows . . .)." Who is Agnes Cleves?

She is not a human being as we generally think of them but rather a being who contains all the universe, contains opposites of all sorts, banalities and profundities. She is a Jay Macpherson angel with a penchant for alchemy with "litter in ditches by service station crossroads." Once you see in *Mordent for a Melody* that "Clip but a fingernail, and lo! /A supernova drops away" since "Seething with atoms, trifles show /The Milky Way in replica" and think of what that really means, then you have grasped why Agnes Cleves in her papers disregards the usual narrative and bulk of an epic. A compressed epic is really what the Papers must be. If your fingernail contains a supernova then "I knew a Finnish student long ago /Who could not come out of a barber shop" is incident enough, worth five years of battling before Troy as a matter of fact.

Not only did this reader group the rest of the poems as he saw fit, he found it best to re-read in a continual line certain selected chunks. The title *Winter Sun* was inspired by walking about Toronto we are told. The poems give one a very interesting view of Toronto. Leave some other things to be solved later. I started to count all the Toronto pigeons but soon gave up. *September Street*: that could be behind Cumberland and Avenue Road—there are yellow porches there. The scissor grinder and the old person are also there. *Exhibition rocket* is very local. *Far Off from University* brings us the lakefront waste land (Harbour Road?); there is an Egyptian frieze at the Royal Ontario Museum. Bowles Lunches, though now mercifully defunct, were a Toronto phenomenon. Particularly haunting here (*Apocalypics*) is the piano stored in the corridor in case of weddings. This does sound rather an old fashioned approach to poetry on my part, rather like establishing the whereabouts of leech-gatherers in Regency England, but absurdly enough I think this is what Miss Avison wants you to do. Her poems have a locale. The magic is achieved through the locale. Jay Macpherson talks of the marriage of Heaven and Earth; Margaret Avison

tells you to look at the wedding piano stashed away in the world's most unheavenly, unweddinglike place—Toronto. Toronto is a fingernail and Miss Avison fits in a supernova which shatters the place by connecting it with the whole universe—actually just showing that it contains human beings who can be like Agnes Cleves.

Finally, when one has learned how to read all of the poems and all of each poem one feels different since one has been taught a new way of focusing. How can one characterize the new eye-muscles that Miss Avison calls into play? Mr. Wilson has pointed out in *Canadian Literature* recently how much Miss Avison's vision depends on the unobstructed viewpoint possible on prairies. Having just come myself from nine years in Manitoba, where the eye meets no obstacle, to London, Ontario where one's eyes are almost smothered with things to see I can't help feeling that this experience is behind the poems here. We get supernova poems about Alberta and fingernail ones about Toronto and lastly, as I have pointed out, an epic which contains both worlds. The new way of focusing that Miss Avison teaches us is to be an archangel who can see everywhere and a slug in a fern bank who can see practically nowhere, all at the same time. These poems put this strange experience down so exactly that they can change your life.

JAMES REANEY

Turning New Leaves (2)

► THE TITLE OF Dr. Grant's book* indicates neither its general purpose nor the thesis it propounds. It is in fact an introduction to moral philosophy, moral philosophy being understood as critical reflection on practical problems. The function of an introduction is to stimulate to further study, and as such a stimulus the book should succeed. The style is popular, easy to read and attractive to the intelligent but unliterary layman. The matter is provocative in a popular way, attacking all the things we are used to hearing attacked—Detroit, Big Business, Academic Philosophy, Established Religion, the Decay of Moral Standards and all that. There are all kinds of arresting remarks and illuminating generalizations, just the thing for stirring up the middlebrows. It is not surprising that when it began its career as a series of half-hour talks on the CBC it attracted a lot of favorable attention. If you feel that print has been unkind to it, that despite the addition of notes the content remains meagre, and that the rhetoric really calls out for delivery in Dr. Grant's rich tones, that only shows that you are not the kind of person for whom such works as this are meant.

When the middlebrows are aroused, what then? That is a question that Dr. Grant may not have considered deeply enough. An introduction to moral philosophy might be expected not merely to galvanize its readers (as though they were so many frogs' legs) but to give them some idea of what to expect if they take up the introduction. The readers of this book will get no hint of what a philosophical argument is like, of what inevitably happens when the discussion of practical problems is taken from the plane of rhetoric to that of critical discussion. Indeed, the way in which complex issues are

*WINTER SUN: Margaret Avison; University of Toronto Press; pp. 89; \$2.50.

*PHILOSOPHY IN THE MASS AGE: George P. Grant; Copp Clark; pp. 117; \$3.00.

presented sometimes suggests not that the author is simplifying them for a naive audience but that he is himself unaware of their difficulties. But philosophy is a serious business, though it need not be a solemn one. Those who undertake it are committed at least to a sustained effort not to deceive themselves or others, to consider what one has good reason for believing rather than what will lead one most directly to a foregone conclusion, or what will contribute to the support of a valued institution or the destruction of a hated one. This means, among other things, that philosophers habitually refuse (to the rage of some publicists and the contempt of some practical men) to offer pat solutions to tough and complex problems. Since Dr. Grant shows no signs of such hesitancy—he has no gimmick to offer, but he has a gimmick-shaped hole all ready for when the gimmick happens along—his readers are likely to be put off if they ever venture into what moral philosophy since the time of Plato has always been.

Dr. Grant's book is actually designed to present a thesis, to which as to the general nature of this book his title is no guide. It goes something like this. In days of yore human societies were generally looked on as fields of operation of a law that was continuous with that operating in nature at large. This meant that human freedom could not be taken seriously, that human action could be allowed no importance, that history allowed no development. Nowadays, freedom is thought of as essential to humanity, action as irrevocable, the future as open. This change in viewpoint is irreversible, but it has brought the abandonment of all notions of absolute moral laws. Yet at the same time we cannot help recognizing that some actions (such as the judicial condemnation of the innocent) are absolutely wrong. And so, says Dr. Grant, we have "the central question of modern moral philosophy . . . :How can we think a conception of law which does not deny the truth of our freedom or the truth of progress?" Dr. Grant has no solution, and does not even indicate whether he thinks the problem is primarily a logical or a prudential one; but he does see that the kind of absolute prohibition he hankers after really needs a God to do the forbidding, and accordingly ends with a rather odd appeal to his readers to get down on their benders to Old Nobodaddy. The thesis in general is fashionable and tenable, and it would be an excellent thing if it percolated briskly through the popular consciousness. But to reach its proper audience it should have been put out at thirty-five cents in a paper binding. At three bucks a throw it will reach them only indirectly as a source of sermons, a function for which its heady matter, magniloquent tone and imprecision of argument make it especially suitable.

F. E. SPARSHOTT

Books Reviewed

ORDEAL BY ICE: Farley Mowat; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 364; \$6.00.

If the world must endure another polar anthology, it might as well be by Farley Mowat as anyone else. And this one has the merit of being both readable and interesting.

The eleven narratives chosen cover the search for the North-West Passage from Elizabethan times to mid-nineteenth century. Some of the stories are well known,

but the journals of Jens Munk, Scoresby, and Osborn will be new to most readers. The editor's selection of these particular tales is based on their interest rather than their importance, but their place in Arctic history is made clear by the use of notes linking each section. He admits having abridged his sources, as well as modernizing the English for easier reading; a comparison with some of the original texts shows little loss and, for the general reader, considerable gain. What saves this book from the boring repetitions of sledge journeys so often found in polar journals is the number of sea-stories, shipwrecks, and mutinies carefully woven into the accounts of explorations proper. The volume is well-mapped.

There are some points worth considering in detail. We never learn why the land named for Jens Munk is so far from any region he actually visited. The second half of Charles Hall's narrative is almost the duller thing he ever wrote. Mr. Mowat's assumption that the Norsemen in Greenland were assimilated by the Eskimos is quite unproven. And the remarks in the epilogue about the ice-breaker "Labrador" seem rather uncalled for, not to say misleading.

Nonetheless, it is a reliable guide and well worth reading, if only for sentences such as that of Sir John Ross, commenting on the Eskimos' dislike of brandy which had "hastened the extermination of their American Indian neighbors to the southward. If, however, these Indian tribes must finally disappear, as seems their fate, it is at least better that they should die gradually by the force of rum, than that they should be exterminated in masses by the fire and the sword of Spanish conquests; since there is at least some pleasure, such as it is, in the meantime."

GAVIN WHITE

BROWN OF THE GLOBE. VOLUME 1, THE VOICE OF UPPER CANADA, 1818-1859: J. M. S. Careless; Macmillan; pp. viii, 354; \$6.00.

Professor Maurice Careless's book on George Brown is a valuable addition to the rising tide of scholarly biographies of Canadian politicians which has been flowing from the presses recently. This first volume in a projected two-part work describes Brown's career from his birth in Scotland in 1818 to his emigration to New York and then to Toronto where by 1859 he had planted firmly his roots in publishing as proprietor of the *Globe* and in politics as a doughty Canada (Ontario) West Reform leader in the legislature.

Thus the diptych it particularly illuminates consists of the worlds of journalism and politics in the old colony of Canada between 1843, the date of Brown's arrival in Toronto, and 1859, which marked the close of one phase of Brown's political career as short-lived premier and the beginning of another with the famous Liberal party convention of that year.

It was a busy microcosm. Though Toronto had less than 20,000 inhabitants, the *Globe* became the city's sixth political organ, and the animation and complexity of the political struggle was worthy of a nation. If any complaint is to be made of Professor Careless's account, it is that he presents so much of his ample knowledge of the period that the reader is apt to get lost in detail. The tracks through the forest are not always as apparent as the trees. But the trees are splendid. Canada West of a century ago comes to life again, as in the recital of

Toronto's railway festival or the author's meticulous description of the *Globe's* premises.

This is a painting in miniscule of the turbulent years in Canada West which led towards Confederation, and from it Brown emerges as a real person rather than as the stereotyped shade to which we have become accustomed. Professor Careless has brought the man and his times to life, and in the second volume as the perspective broadens to the national plane, the themes should become more apparent. A word of commendation to the publisher is also due for an unusually imaginative format. The book recalls Brown's *Globe* by reproducing a page or two of it, and by including a number of engravings from the paper as well as a dozen interesting and helpful contemporary sepia photographs and maps.

P.W.F.

KHRUSHCHEV IN NEW YORK: N. S. Khrushchev; New York, Crosscurrents Press; pp. 286; \$1.50 paper, \$5.00 cloth.

In Canada persons who wish to maintain a current file of Soviet statements on world affairs may do so with very little trouble through the courtesy of the embassy of the USSR in Ottawa, which issues a considerable variety of regular and occasional publications (a liberty which is not reciprocated in Moscow). Persons on their mailing list have received in one publication or another most of Khrushchev's speeches and the related documents connected with his latest visit to the UN; such material obviously emanates from a partisan publisher, but this is of minor importance since the material is partisan in essence, and it has the considerable advantage of being free.

If, however, one is not on this mailing-list, or if one wants much the same material bound into one volume, or if one wants to enjoy the illusion that one is receiving the documents from an impartial publisher, *Khrushchev in New York* is recommended. The publishing house presenting these documents (no editor is designated) styles itself the "Crosscurrents Press," which sounds vaguely left-liberal or Fabian, and it innocently states that "The release of this collection, of course, does not imply either acceptance or rejection of the ideas in it." However, the nasty U.S. security laws, which are applicable because "Crosscurrents" has its offices in New York, requires the publisher to state, not very conspicuously, that this house is "a publishing representative of *Mezhdunarodnaia Kniga*, Moscow." Since *Mezhdunarodnaia Kniga* (literally "international book") is, without subterfuge, as much an agency of the Soviet government as the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, it appears that Crosscurrents books may be more expensive or more convenient than the hand-outs of the Soviet embassy but are scarcely more scholarly or impartial.

This review is no place to discuss the essence of the documents that comprise most of the volume since such an attempt could only become a general treatise on current Soviet foreign policy. Suffice it to say that Khrushchev's important speeches at the UN are included and that documentation of his unique exposition of the latest achievements of the Soviet footwear industry is not. Without denying the value of these documents for the study of Soviet foreign policy, one may conclude that the chief interest in this official publication lies in its implicit assumption that people are skeptical of free propaganda but may be impressed by the impartiality

of a book that costs about as much as most books of similar size. In the more prosperous countries this approach offers interesting possibilities.

R. H. McNEAL

SUMMONED BY BELLS: John Betjeman; Macmillan; pp. 111; \$3.25.

Summoned by Bells is an account of the author's boyhood and early manhood, ending with his failure in theology at Oxford. It is related in blank verse of great skill and even greater flatness. The deliberate limpness of texture is that of Wordsworth's *Prelude* with the more elevated passages omitted, or (a comparison nearer home) that of Louis Dudek's *Europe*.

At its best, Betjeman's verse is alive, unpretentious, accurate:

I felt beneath bare feet the lugworm casts
And walked where only gulls and oyster-catchers
Had stepped before me to the water's edge.
The morning tide flowed in to welcome me,
The fan-shaped scallop shells, the backs of crabs,
The bits of driftwood worn to reptile shapes,
The heaps of bladder-wrack the tide had left . . .

At its worst, it reeks with sentimental bathos only slightly relieved by humorous deprecation:

O Peggy Purey-Cust, how pure you were:
My first and purest love, Miss Purey-Cust! . . .
Your ice-blue eyes, your lashes long and light,
Your sweetly freckled face and turned-up nose
So haunted me that all my loves since then
Have had a look of Peggy Purey-Cust . . .

The above passages illustrate the two poles of the book. Betjeman alternates between sensuous perception and boyish emotional-inhibition as he recreates his past, minimizing or making the subject of ironical reflective humor all the discomforts and emotional storms that plagued his childhood and adolescence and dwelling like a late afternoon sun on the gracious vistas of early scenes of sweetness and light. Nostalgia rather than literary merit accounts, I believe, for the book's current popularity in Great Britain. Many British contemporaries delight in making through the poetry of Betjeman a bookish sentimental journey to their own pre-war Samarkands—oases that appear to this North American outsider as faded green trivia watered to too needless a growth by a too-dexterous facility with words:

. . . so still for me

The steps to truth were made by sculptured stone,
Stained glass and vestments, holy-water stoups,
Incense and crossings of myself—the things
That hearty middle-stumpers most despise
As 'all the inessentials of the Faith.'

I am afraid that as far as *Summoned by Bells* is concerned, in my poetic faith, I am still a "hearty middle-stumper."

FRED COGSWELL

POLITICS AND RELIGION: W. J. Stankiewicz; University of Toronto Press; pp. xii, 270; \$6.00.

The theme of this book is the slow erosion of a policy, Henry IV's policy of religious toleration for the Huguenots established by the Edict of Nantes in 1598. The use of the term policy here is deliberate. Toleration did not rise to the level of a general principle for any major French thinker during the life of the Edict, although it did become a useful tactical weapon in the Protestant

armoury. The concept was adopted in France solely because it was dictated by political circumstances, and not from any belief in its inherent justice.

In tracing the history of French religious policy, therefore, Professor Stankiewicz blends intellectual history with conventional political history. He reminds us that the Edict of Nantes, far from being a general grant of toleration, was a complex document giving specific rights to Huguenots in specific localities, following earlier precedents won by hard fighting during the religious wars of the sixteenth century. More important, the Huguenots were given specific strongholds as a guarantee of their rights. But the concession of strongholds was only for a specific term of years, and the complexity of the Edict left many points open to administrative discretion. The administration and the Catholics were not slow to appreciate this fundamental fact.

The main body of the book traces the slow, steady infringement of Protestant rights that followed the initial period of toleration resting on the defensive strength of the minority. The Edict had established a situation fundamentally at variance with the developing absolutism of the monarchy, and successive efforts by Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV were devoted to correcting this anomaly. The defence of Protestantism was inextricably linked with a dying feudal particularism, and the extirpation of the old social order doomed the religious rights of the Huguenots. The process of attrition was a gradual one, and the means employed were varied with subtle skill as circumstances required. Professor Stankiewicz shows that the basic policy was formulated by Cardinal Richelieu, and that the Protestant cause was lost long before the final revocation of the Edict in 1685.

Not the least of the book's themes is the tracing of Protestant doctrines through this period. The monarchomachic doctrines of sixteenth-century Calvinism proved a *damnosa hereditas* for the Huguenots. In their efforts to live down constant accusations of disloyalty from the Catholic camp, Protestant theorists were in the vanguard in embracing the theory of absolutism. Perhaps the most pathetic and incredible aspect of the situation was the extent of Huguenot dependence on and trust in a supreme monarch who was slowly, deliberately, coldly and unmaliciously strangling the reformed religion. This attitude of mind was so deep-rooted as to persist even after the dispersion.

Only after the dispersion does French Protestantism develop a theory of toleration as a general philosophical principle. Even in exile the attitude of the zealots died hard, and only slowly did the philosophical and universalist position of Pierre Bayle make headway. Its practical effects, significant as they are for the modern liberal state, belong to a later century.

Professor Stankiewicz has written a scholarly and interesting book, somewhat complex in its themes, founded on a wide knowledge of the thought and politics of seventeenth-century France. His subject is one that has a particular significance for Canada, for it was precisely in this period that French colonial policy was laying foundations for modern Canada.

The implications of this connection may be seen in two distinct senses. First, the colonies, although they reflect the image of the mother country, reveal that image through a filter of positive governmental policy.

Absolutism and orthodoxy could be superimposed on a developing society in a way that was only partially possible in France. It is French policy more than French society that serves to explain the institutions of New France.

Second, the effects of French religious policy, and in particular of the dispersion of the Huguenots, had long-run effects upon France's basic strength as a colonial power. The loss of skilled artisans, the weakening of the bourgeoisie, the decline of trade, the corresponding strengthening of France's main competitors, the protracted foreign wars and prolonged economic depression—all these factors have been attributed directly or indirectly to the dispersion. Clearly they imposed limits on the effort that France could devote to her North American colonies in the eighteenth century. It is not too far wide of the mark to argue that the price France paid for domestic religious intolerance in the seventeenth century may be at least partially measured by the lesser vitality and ultimate overthrow of her colonial empire in North America.

K. D. McRAE

THE SOVIET CITIZEN: Alex Inkeles and Raymond A. Bauer, with the assistance of David Gleicher and Irving Rosow; S. J. Reginald Saunders; \$11.95.

A great deal has been written on the Soviet Union since the end of the Second World War, in particular in the United States, where Russian and Soviet studies have made tremendous advances since 1945. It is interesting to note that concern with Russia has travelled ever Westwards—together with the shift of power in the Western world. In the second half of the nineteenth century, Frenchmen produced the greatest number of studies on Russian history and literature. This interest was intimately bound up with the growth of Franco-Russian relations; France financed a large part of the building of Russian railways in the 1880's and 1890's, and an alliance was concluded in 1894. Then, interest in Russia shifted to England, where the way for it was prepared by Constance Garnett's great work of translating the masterpieces of Russian literature. This interest has been maintained until today; one of the foremost authorities on the Soviet Union is Professor Edward Hallett Carr. Finally, the fascination of Russia spread across the Atlantic where some scholars had already

SONNET

If by achievements and by goals attained,
By single purpose and misty silhouette,
Shadowy sun, lost-sight-of-scale of things
Must we describe our age in a flash of merriment.
Then let us imperceptibly curtail the brighter suns' light

And all crafty movements that devour
The sense and semblance of this streaky image;
Let us be unaccompanied in our task
By the incessant stream of fallow leaves by wind set out
To unhinge and thereafter to scan the spottiness of spray.
Let us be least forgetful, in our assaults on prose run mad
To link all moments with the world's vastest terrain.

And if perchance we fail to make this task sublime
Then we'll let rhythm consummate true marriage
with rhyme.
Skarlet

begun working in this field before 1939. With the end of the second world war Russian studies in the United States leaped forward with gigantic strides, until today there are three major centres: the Russian Research Centre at Harvard University, the Russian Institute at Columbia University and the Institute of Russian and East European Studies at Indiana University.

Most of the work on Russia has consisted of historical and literary analysis; with the book of Professors Inkeles and Bauer we have a massive sociological study of great interest. Their study of the daily life and problems of the Soviet citizen is based on an exhaustive scientific questioning of selected groups of Soviet refugees. These groups contain a cross-section of all the strata of Soviet society: administrators, office-workers, skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers, peasants, and soldiers. In analysing the answers of these people to the questions put, the authors and their aides made full allowances for bias and noted it scrupulously. They have also made allowances for the fact that the vast majority of the group left the Soviet Union during the Second World War. Despite this fact, it is clear that the study cannot be labelled as outdated; it must be borne in mind that the Soviet system as it is depicted in the *Soviet Citizen* held good until Stalin's death in 1953 and that relaxation did not set in on a large scale until 1955. All Soviet citizens who are today over twenty-five years of age grew to maturity in the conditions described in the study.

The authors present their data under four main heads: first of all, they describe their objects and aims and the methodology employed in the Harvard Project; passing to the subject of their study, they divide it into the problems and aspects of daily life, the relation of the individual to the state, and the sources of cleavage in Soviet society. The results of this intensive analysis are not of a nature to increase hopes for any development towards democracy in the Soviet Union, and this should have a sobering effect on those students of international affairs in the West who put their hopes in an automatic development in this direction as if it was the inevitable correlative of industrial progress. The authors of the *Soviet Citizen* tell us that the majority of the refugees interviewed did not leave the USSR as a matter of ideological choice. Despite the fact that many had suffered much under the Soviet system as it existed under Stalin, their resentment did not lead them to formulate any ideas as to possible alternatives to that system. Their criticism and resentment was confined to their personal sufferings. In general they tended to accept the main economic and social features of Soviet Russia and the picture of the outside world which had been presented to them. The authors think there is no ground to hope that any movement for radically changing the Soviet system will come from the Soviet citizen. This conclusion bears out the interesting studies in Soviet opposition made by George Fischer, in his *Soviet Opposition to Stalin*, and by Robert V. Daniels, in his recent study of the opposition in the Communist Party in the 1920's, *The Conscience of the Revolution*.

Indeed it is difficult to see how any trend towards democracy can be expected in Russia when there are no such traditions in the country, no precedents except those of failure in 1917, and the mos. restricted contact

with the outside world. It is true that these contacts are greater today than before the death of Stalin, but anyone who has spoken with Soviet students or educators both inside and outside Russia must realize immediately what a great gulf separates the undoubted competence, know-how, and high standards of education in the Soviet Union, from critical thinking. Without the ability to think critically, and particularly of oneself and one's own nation, how can learning be put to the best use? It is sometimes possible to hold an interesting conversation with a Polish Communist but on important issues there can be no conversation with a Soviet citizen; there can only be two mutually uncomprehending monologues. Drs. Inkeles and Bauer do not proffer any hope that this is likely to change in the near future.

The *Soviet Citizen* is to be highly recommended for all serious students of the Soviet world, not only for sociologists; it is undoubtedly a landmark in the sociological analysis of the Soviet system. The absence of an optimistic conclusion on the future relations of Soviet Russia and the Western world should not prove a deterrent but a challenge to read more about the Soviet Union and to think more profoundly on the subject of improving our own way of life.

ANNA M. CIENCIALA

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